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Cariboo and NORTHERN B. C. Digest

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ON STUART LAKE—*A FISHERMAN'S DREAM COME TRUE*

IN THIS ISSUE :

- ★ **CHILCO - HOME OF THE SALMONIDAE**
- ★ **DIARY OF AN ALASKA HIGHWAY TRIP**
- ★ **ALL WELL WITH B. C. FUR TRADE ?**

Volume 2 No. 3

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A letter from Overseas . . .

A long-delayed letter which neverthe less carries a message of importance to the people of Cariboo, from one of our fighting men who has had a chance to see how the other half of the world lives, and more important, how much they have accomplished with only a small fraction of the resources we have at our command.

Cariboo & N.B.C. Digest,
Quesnel, B.C.
Dear Sirs:

May I take the liberty of handing you gentlemen a few bouquets of brickbats. You are doing a splendid job so keep up the good work. You have a wonderful country back there, of which to write, and the existence of the Cariboo Digest will advance the development of that country by many years.

You know out here we keep in fair touch with home problems and we can take the long view of things, seeing the main issue you are driving at without being bothered by everyday problems that tend to cloud the issue.

You speak of only 18 miles of road to build to Bella Coola, thereby providing Cariboo with a handy outlet to the coast to the benefit of the whole of the interior . . . Well, gentlemen, just how do you go about building a community hall and such things . . . ? By subscriptions, of course, and by holding dances bazaars etc. the proceeds of which go into the general fund for building the community hall, or—in this case-18 miles of road. Would it not pay and help everyone in the country if this road were completed. I do not mean in dollars and cents returned immediately but in future development. Would it not cut down freight rates into the Cariboo? Would it not cause the P.G.E. to revise its freight rates, to the benefit of the ranchers, farmers and the entire Cariboo?

I know that the Cariboo is not heavily populated, nor are its settlers particularly wealthy, the same can be said for Bella Coola. I also feel sure, however, that until proper lines of communication are established throughout the interior and access to the coast provided, with consequent low freight rate, it NEVER will become as prosperous as her bountiful natural resources warrant.

I know also it is a lot easier to sit back and let the government do it, if and when they get around to it. It will be a long wait however, so it would seem that the only thing left to do, is for the people of the Cariboo to get together with the people of Bella Coola and build it themselves . . . . .

How?—Exactly as a town would go about building a community hall . . . Only in this case it would be all the towns of Cariboo plus the Cariboo's future seaport of Bella Coola that would be striving for the same end, and with everyone pulling together it could become a reality. I know, and you know, that sectional jealousy will be hard to overcome, but it *can* be done. Heaven only knows, *I SHOULD KNOW*, I have just spent four years and will spend more helping overcome sectional jealousy on an international scale.

Funds will be hard to raise, and they won't go far, but no matter how narrow the road, nor how rough, so long as it is passable,the government will be forced to keep up and improve on it. The tourists will demand it, the steamship companies will demand it, the ranchers will demand it, the truckers will demand it, - - - *everybody* will demand it, and it would be a shamefaced group of government officials indeed who could turn down those demands.

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EDITORIAL

P.G.E. Retards Progress

To say that a railroad retards progress sounds asinine — for railroads were meant to be, and are, the forerunners of a swift economic development of the districts which they serve. This is true of most railroads. It is probably true of every railroad in the world today — except one — and that one is the Pacific Great Eastern, operating between Squamish and Quesnel . . . .. Of this railroad however asinine it sounds, we say it — for it is high time that someone pointed out that which logic indicates to be the truth. . . . .

For nearly thirty years this railroad has operated at a loss; its ancient and outmoded engines and older coaches have been chugging their way over rotting ties between the two towns and way points rendering a bi-weekly service and piling up a debt, which when added to the cost of construction, reached the staggering total of *ninety-six million dollars.*

Were it a privately owned railroad there would be nothing to say. The owners would have been digging deeply into their pockets all these years making up the deficit and. . But no, —for if the railroad were privately owned, those who invested their money in the enterprise would have seen to it that the railroad was put on a paying basis by completing the rails from Vancouver to the Peace River as was originally planned. *And* , we doubt very much whether a privately-owned railroad would have been able to persuade successive B. C. governments to deliberately refrain from building decent roads throughout Central B.C. in order to help that railroad maintain a monopoly on heavy freight and passenger traffic . . . . . This could not happen if the railroad were privately owned — but it could and is happening now,—TODAY, and there is every indication that it has been happening for the past 30 years, ever since (for some mysterious reason) the project of completing the railroad to the Peace River was abandoned back in 1916.

Can't show a profit 'as it is'

Immediately construction ceased and scheduled service established at a loss the government set out to 'save-face' over its blunder by doing every conceivable thing in its power to stifle honest competition with its White Elephant, in an effort to but it on a paying basis,— an *impossibility with..rails beginning and ending where they do.* Despite everything, millions upon millions were added to the original debt. The PUBLIC of British Columbia, who were footing the bill, howled long and loudly, especially in the 'hungry thirties' — and politicians shook in their shoes every time the P.G.E. was mentioned (some of them still do) and redoubled their efforts to 'make-it-pay' while concocting new 'sops' with which to quell the public's clamour that 'something be done about it'. These sops came in the form of new surveys , spaced at convenient intervals immediately preceeding elections. . . (there is another in progress now) It was not until the war came and several truck lines relinquished their operating privileges for 'the duration', which together with an increased demand for Cariboo products, did the railroad begin to show even a meagre profit, certainly not enough (we'll wager) to make an appreciable dent in its multi-million dollar debt.

Unfair Tactics

What tactics governments have resorted to in order to bring about the much desired result of making the P.G.E. 'pay', and what those tactics have cost the people of Cariboo and Northern B.C. in *cold hard cash* and in *retarded development,* I will attempt to explain. It would be well to bear in mind as you read on that the 'Government' is *not* some vague body of ethereal and untouchable personages occupying the southern tip of Vancouver Island with whom we have no connection, and upon whom we have no claim — but rather it is composed of 'honest-to-God' flesh and blood creatures like ourselves, each of

them a 'responsible' member of his community; each of them upon being elected, a *public servant* who had promised *more faithfully, pleaded more eloquently* than did his worthy political oponent — *that he would act only in the best interests of the people whom he has been given the honour to represent.*

The Toll Gate

Reconcile this, if you can, with the petty-larcency 'protection' scheme of the Toll Gate. The public does NOT want,and has NEVER wanted such a toll to be collected, and has incessantly voiced its disapproval of the practise. — *Yet it continues.*

We are now asked to believe (after first being allowed to believe that the toll monies went to pay for the cost of the suspension bridge at Alexandria) that the purpose of the toll is to pay the *maintainance cost* of the Fraser Canyon Highway. Absurd! The highway was first constructed 80 years ago under extremely difficult circumstances and no toll was charged to offset construction costs, though the cost of constructing a road is obviously much greater than the cost of merely maintaining it. If we believe this then we must also believe that the government is short of money — and next door to bankruptcy, which hardly fits in with recent statements by government officials that the province is planning a *two hundred and ten million dollar* Public Works program, most of which is to be spent on improved communications (roads) throughout the province.

Despite these surplus multi-millions, public clamour that it be removed, the most feeble of excuses for continuing—the practise continues though it be as outmoded as the feudal system. It would be the work of but a few moments on the part of our *'faithful Public Servants'* to pass legislation which would abolish the toll forever. And yet it is not done. Politicians make dozens of wild promises while campaigning, but seldom if ever make the *mistake* of promising that if they are elected the toll will be removed. WHY?—*What is there about the TOLL that makes it so imperv-ious to attack from all sides?*

Freight Trucks vs P.G.E.

The answer, of course, lies in the (freight trucks which ply the long trail from Vancouver to Quesnel—and beyond, and in the aforementioned 96 million dollar debt which the P.G.E. has piled up. The public may be gullible, but it is not that gullible it cannot see the connection between the $2.00 per ton toll- levied on north bound truck-hauled freight and the profit-and-loss statement of the P.G. E. If there were no toll of two dollars per ton, it is only reasonable to suppose that P.G.E. freight rates, on virtually all classifications, would be corresponding lower. Taken over a thirty year period, and considering the millions of tons hauled by the P.G.E. in that time, the *Cariboo* has been penalized to the tune of millions of dollars in order that the P.G.E. show a profit. Whereas the P.G.E. debt today totals in the neighborhood of 96 millions it could, if the toll had not been in effect, quite easily have been 106, or even 126 millions in debt. The genius who devised this racket must have been given a medal by the powers-that-be, but the point which I would like to stress, is that the difference CAME DIRECTLY OUT OF THE POCKETS OF THE PEOPLE OF *CARIBOO.*

What politician, or group of politians, would dare do away with the toll, when by doing so it would immediately plunge the P.G.E. back into the red; back into losing millions of dollars each year, and back into the public's eye as B.C's. costliest WHITE ELEPHANT , a constant drain on the people of the province . . The politicians had enough of the public's *justifiable* belly-aching back when the railroad was first built and operated for so long at a loss. Rest assured the toll will continue . . . an extremely handy and efficient means of collecting a few shekels out of each interior-bound motorist and trucker, but what is far more important, a FOOLPROOF method of making the Cariboo pay the ENTIRE cost of the terrible blunder which occured 80 years ago when work on the P.G.E. was halted. The TOLL, however, is but *one* of the methods of extortion . . . . The others are of a negative character, and consist of *doing nothing,* or at best very little to improve or build—*any road which would tend to threaten the Pacific Great Eastern Rail way's monopoly on Cariboo freight.*

Bridge River Monopoly

One of the two glaring examples is in the Bridge River district . . Here we have two of B.Cs'. leading gold mines plus literally hundreds of prospects, many of them on the verge of production. For over 13 years the two producers have been turning out millions in gold. Anywhere else in Canada (or B.C. for that matter) these mines would have direct road connection with the industrial centres of the province. Although there are over 60 miles of road in this district, the roads do NOT connect with the existing B.C. network of roads except through the P.G.E. Virtually every pound of freight that has moved into and out of the area in the past 30 years has been moved via the P.G.E. . . . and this state of affairs exists despite the fact that here are but THIRTEEN miles of road to build in order to connect it with the main B.C. network. Surely when the residents of Bridge River ask for this road they are not asking too much. A conservative estimate of Bridge River gold production is 30 million dollars, and there is the promise of more than DOUBLE that amount yet to come. But the Public Works Department is balking at the cost of this thireen miles because there is a little rock-work involved . . . . . Did the Royal Engineers balk at building 500 miles of road to Barkerville, with what is today considered primitive equipment, when there was wealth to be gained from the hills? . . . . Of course not. Then why should the present government *not* build these thirteen miles when they have every type of modern equipment at their disposal. . . . They have built not THIRTEEN but THIRTY and SIXTY miles of road into many spots which will NEVER produce a tenth of the wealth that the mines

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Letters to the Editor

Make no mistake. Cariboo need not look to the south for help in this or any other of its problems. . . Everyone else is too busy helping themselves. What we want we must fight for, and once the Cariboo gets started nothing can hold her back.

Start the ball rolling gentlemen! Any group of people can do it if they put their minds and backs into the job. I know it is a hard job and a lot of thankless work, but it has been done before and is being done all over the world today. The 18 mile roadbuilding job is not a drop in the bucket to what has been accomplished all over war-torn Europe by unassisted civilians acting strictly on ther own initiative. . . . .

It was done in the army during every day of the past war. Everybody was told what the score was of the lack of equipment, guns, ammunition, heavy artillery, air support, water support, etc; but also they were told that the job had to be done *despite* every obstacle, and it was I have seen it all, from the first in Sicily right through to the end in Holland. And throughout the entire show, we made tools do jobs they were not meant to do. It was the men behind the tools that counted, and the people who made the tools. All the tools in the world would not have spelt Victory if it had not been for the *spirit* of the men behind the guns.

I have seen almost every country in Europe,- France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, England, Scotland, Italy, Sicily and North Africa; all of them poor countries in regard to resources, but rich in the fact that they *have* and *are* making *full* use of what few resources they happen to have, leaving no stone unturned, nothing undeveloped that has economic, industrial or other value. B.C. has everything these countries have and ten-fold more. Our only trouble is that we do not pull our weight together in peace time as in war.

We men here will not be asking for charity when we come back, but we would like to see the splendid "drive' that Canada put into the was effort diverted to peacetime requirement. If this is done Canada will become one of the greatest powers in the world; a country of prosperity, health and work.

I know B.C. well, but I know Cariboo better, for it was my home for many years (and will, I hope, be my home for many more years) and I know that the potentialities have barely been scratched; that a lifetime of effort similar to that put into the war would accomplish wonders, but still be only beginning.

Remember the old saying, "Anything worth having, is worth fighting for". So why not get busy. Let the completion of that 18 miles of road be your *first* objective . . . . Collect a percentage from your sports meets, Bazaars, dances, whist drives, and by direct canvassing . . . and put it through even if it takes 1-2-5 years . . . . and then select another objective—for there are many!

I'll bet a hundred dollars that it can be done in this way, and I'm willing to throw in $50.00 now to start the kitty growing . . . . But then maybe I have lost touch with the Cariboo in the last 4 years during which I served this country . . . Surely this is not so, surely the country which produced the breed of fighters that Canada produced in this war has a little red fighting blood left!

Wishing you every success for your splendid effort with Cariboo Digest, I am,

Yours truly,
K65548
(A Gnr. in the R.C.A. from Cariboo)

Editor Note:*In 1930 the people of the Bella Coola Valley, tired of waiting for the government to get busy, called a meeting, and voted that they build a section of road themselves; that every able bodied man in Bella Coola Valley donate one month's work to the building of the road, and that if anyone could not for particular reasons appear for work, they were to hire a man to do their share of the work . . . The government upon being advised, supplied the machinery and equipment and several miles of road was completed late that fall . . . . . Were it not for this action on the part of the citizens of the valley there would be some 25 rather than 18 miles of road which remains to be built . . . . . Surely no community could no more!*

Resort Owners Take Note!

The Editor,
Cariboo and N.B.C. Digest
Dear Sir:

After three successful summers fishing in this region, I desire to offer a friendly, constructive criticism, viz: Can you name one Cariboo and vicinity lodge which has clean non-leaking rowboats for the followers of Isaak Walton? I can name only two after fishing in a dozen lakes.

Singularly one is on Canim Lake where I stayed three different times with the stingiest proprietor I have met in over forty years of travel. For instance when I gave him $6.00 (10 percent of my bill) to tip his three employees, boatman, chambermaid and waitress, he requested $2.00 more for his cook Also the chambermaid told me she was permit ed to give only three matches per day to a "guest",-and each cabin had a stove and oil lamp in it . . . .But the boats WERE kept up, though there were more guests than boats. Food was meagre too.

The other is closed: Douglas Lodge on Stuart Lake near Fort St. James. The owner can't operate the best lodge in British Columbia at a profit, I was informed—but I saw the boats and launches in the water there—unused.

A month ago, thirty miles from Quesnel, I was in a rowboat with another and it was our lot that day to rescue a prominent couple residing in Quesnel from their sinking rowboat, which had about 8 inches of water in it from leaks.

At Quesenel Lake my companion

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Rambling with the editor - - -

We piled into the car not long ago and headed south for the coast to find out how the *cave-dwellers* in the city lived and whether the sea air is as healthful and beneficial as it it is cracked up to be, also to find out while enroute what was new in South Cariboo.

When I see "we", I mean the Wife and family and I, the family being our one and only 5 year old daughter—as much of a handful as any five children I know. After successfully stifling the objctions of our "one-and-only" to not tieing her crib on top of the car we took off amidst the usual cloud of dust and the usual clashing and grinding of gears which accompanies my take-offs.—In no time at all we were over the top of "Red-Bluff Hill" (the hill to the south overlooking Quesnel) and rolling south past the rich-looking fields bordering the highway It is a good year for Cariboo crops. Moffats fields had that "ripe-and ready" look which my two days experience on a farm (pitching hay on Barlow's place) told me could be very deceiving to former hand-loggers and bar miners like myself. Everything looked lovely and golden and I began to see why farmers farmed. I remarked to my wife casually that Moffatt must be slipping else he would be out harvesting while the weather was so clear and received a withering glance for my pains, (she's a prairie-bred lass) plus the last word retort, "Tell me—

When did Mr. Moffatt last tell YOU when you should go to press with that silly little magazine of yours?"

500 acres of seed potatoes

Undaunted I drove clear to Yorstens Brothers Ranch, one of the oldest and best known in the north country trying to think up a snappy comeback, and then forgot all about it as we looked down from the top of the hill at this 80 year old ranch, the first acre of which was cleared back when the Barkerville gold rush was bringing people from the four corners of the earth to the Cariboo On the long northward trek, grandfather Yorsten decided that the gold IN the hills would not last nearly as long as the gold that could be produced from this rich willow bottom land.

From the top of the hill we could see almost the entire clearing of about 1000 acres of which at least half was seeded to potatoes, and which even from our vantage point we could see were doing splendidly. Five hundred acres of potatoes. Certainly the Cariboo was not to be potatoe hungry this winter. I immediately began to figure out just how many tons that would be. It is a habit of mine, not figuring out the tonnages of potatoe fields, but just figurng things out generally, like how many sacks of turnips in a carload —and then how many turnips to a sack—and then if each sack had one less turnip how many sacks of turnips that would make, and so on—or how many jackpine trees to the acre—and then how many branches on each jackpine—and how many twigs on each limb—from which I can derive how many twigs to an acre of jackpine trees (if that information is of any use to anyone) I didn't make much headway in estimating the tonnage of potatoes that would be harvested, because as usual

I had no basic figure with which to start. I didn't know whether a good crop was 5 or 50 tons to the acre and so remarked off handedly to my wife, "Marvelous crop! They'll harvest anywhere between twenty-five *hundred* and twenty-five *thousand* ton of potatoes."

"Don't ever go farming," was my wifes obscure reply.

We dropped in at Herb Hill's at Margeurite and found out that he has recently turned over his store business to a Mr. McMillan from the south. I mentioned the huge potatoe field of Yorston's whereupon Herb said it was probably the biggest field of *registered seed potatoes* in northern B.C. and that experts had been up from the coast looking it over declared it to be one of the finest, disease-free, seed crops in the province.—Cariboo scores again!

All the way down the line we saw and heard how very much the Cariboo was suffering from "growing pains". At Soda Creek, we were surprized to see that Louise Krause was half-finished with a large addition to his premises. Lousie said that he didn't know where the business is all coming from, but it *is* coming, He is planning on a cold-storage unit for the benefit of the hundreds of hunters who make the annual pilgrimage to the Soda Creek district which is admittedly the best deer country for hundreds of miles around. Power and lights (he plans to dispense with wood entirely) will come from an increase in the size of his hydro-electric plant located not 100 feet from his store in the narrow canyon cut out of the solid rock by the creek running at his back door.....As we drove on (to Williams Lake) my wife and daughter were forced to listen to a lengthy dissertation (from me) on the advantage of hydro-electric power as against steam, gas power or deisel power or any type of power (Louise had estimated that it would cost him—apart from intallation costs—just 90c a month (maintenance) for all the electricity he planned to use) but I'm afraid my family was even less impressed than is our government over the thousands of potential horsepower now going to waste throughout Cariboo, which if developed could only result in increased industry through the availability of "cheap" power.

Building and other shortages

Williams Lake as usual impressed me as being extremely busy, but with most of the business coming in from the 'outside'; from the thousands of square miles to the east the west and south, as was evidenced by the scores of trucks milling

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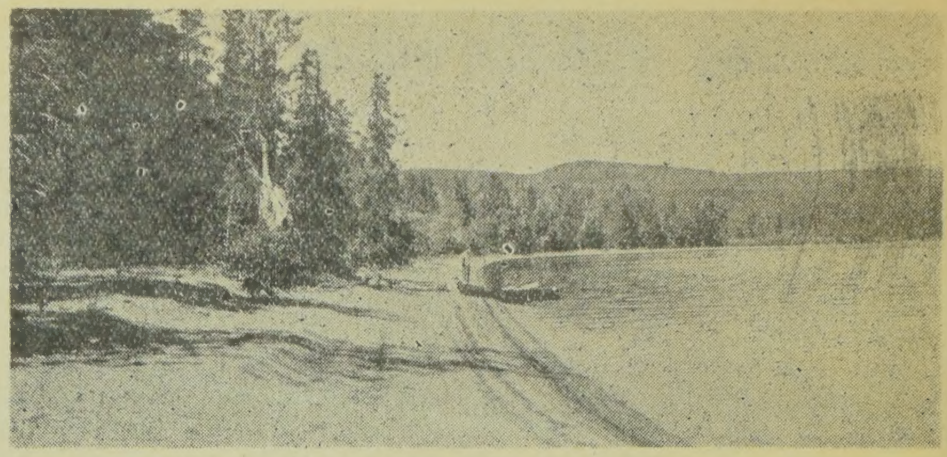
Tweedsmuir Park

" The Lest Great West "

by Lyster Mulvaney



On the Big Eussuk—Not only a wonderful beach and campsite but the fishing is something to write home about.

Central British Columbia has been decidedly favoured by the gazetting of a Park Reserve wherein all the big game of the Province may be found with the exception of elk and big horn sheep. Five thousand four hundred square miles in extent and containing nearly three and one half million acres, it extends from the foot of Ootsa Lake to Bella Coola, and northerly as far as Kitimat Arm, following the waterways down White Sail Lake and river. Fur bearing animals, mink, marten, fisher, wolverine, fox, lynx, otter and ermine are still to be found although the in-roads of white and indian trappers have been serious. Beaver are on the verge of extinction, but there are still enough breeding stock to replenish the whole park area by means of strictly enforced close season of at east ten years.

Wolves are playing havoc among the moose, caribou and deer, carcasses being found frequently on the ice of the many lakes of Tweedsmuir Park.

Local hunters and trappers, notably Aslin of Tetachuck, who accounted for forty-four coyotes and four grey wolves during the past season, hunt the lakes continuesly and are the means of protecting the deer family to a large but insufficient extent.

Harrisons of the bay of that name on Ootsa built a snow plane with which they succeeded in running down over forty coyotes and five Siberian wolves the last, a great grey wolf weighing one hundred and forty two pounds was run down while attempting to hamstring a huge bull moose that was braking through the honeycombed ice close to shore.

The early morning frost would carry the wolf and the snow plane, although the going was both difficult and dangerous even for the plane, on the last run of the season.

Although moose are plentiful and caribou and deer fairly so, the wolf menace is a serious one. In spite of the efforts of trappers and hunters they are steadily on the increase—a decided increase in bounty or a systematic war against them is necessary.

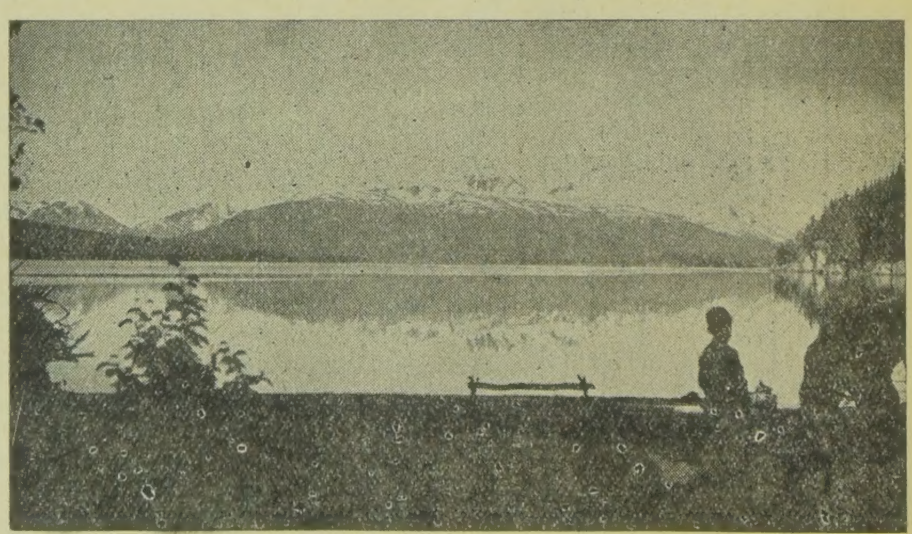
Cougar, formerly known on the westerly slopes of the Coast Range only, are now common throughout the whole park area.

From Bella Coola to Ootsa Lake and continuing via the Whitesail waterways and over either the Secumtha or Camano Pass, many historic trails, notably that of Sir Alexander McKenzie, Lieutenant Palmer and in later years the Bonthorne trail—will be crossed.

Near McCuish Pass stands a giant spruce bearing a blaze which after carefully digging out the pitch with a jack-knife proved to be inscribed as follows:- J. E. Cambie, Camp 48, C.P.R. Exploration survey, June 28th, A.D. 1876.

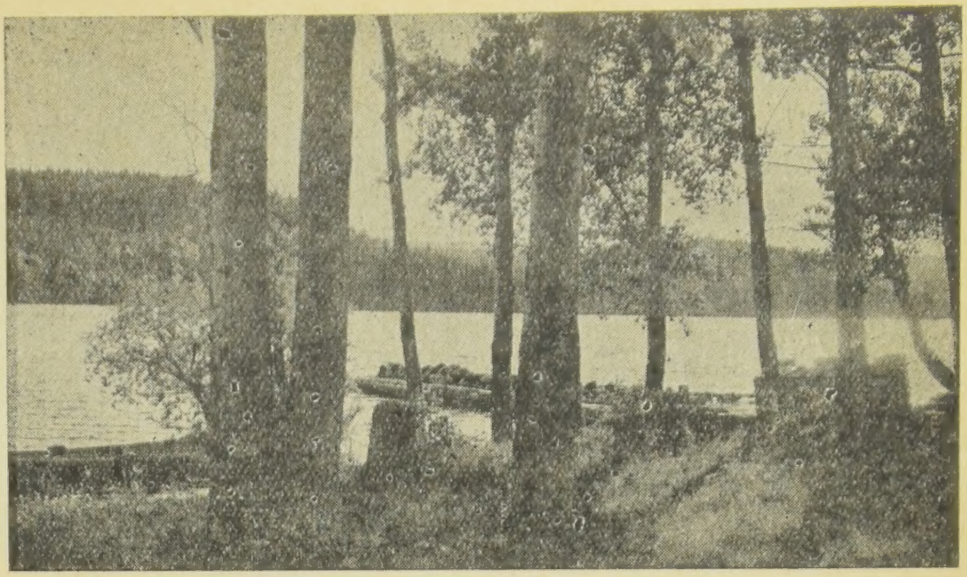
The Circle Canoe trip is fairly well known to a few big game hunters who make annual hunts, getting full bags when accompanied by competent guides who are to be had at Ootsa Lake, well equipped with river boats and engines. It is notworthy that the total amount of game killed by all hunters is neglible as compared with the depredations of the wolves.

But to the camera hunter, Tweeds-



Whitesail Lake late in the evening

muir Park, and especially the Circle Canoe Route which comprises the heart of it, offers opportunity for live animal pictures and mountain scenery unsurpassed. Mr. Charles E. De Ganahl of White Plains N.Y., world famous big game hunter, Fuller and Howard of San Francisco, Klise of Seattle, Wash., and Mr. George Walker of San Antonia, Texas, quletly kill their quota of game, catch the limit of trout and put in their best hunt with their cameras, getting many moving pictures of wild animals at close range. While the guides took the attention of a big bull moose, Klise by carefull stalking sneaked up within thirty feet and shot a roll of film, the guide taking a long shot at the same bull with his pocket kodak. Many caribou and goats were snapped at the head of Whitesail, Pondosy and Big Eutsuk Lakes. Hunters from Bella Coola have been successful in the spring bear hunts, the trip of 120 miles being made with pack horses in order to tap the Circle Route. From Burns Lake, a station on the Canadian National Railway 315 miles East of Prince Rupert, the hunting grounds may be reached in a few hours, the route being as follows:- From Burns Lake by automobile to Ootsa Lake P.O. crossing Francois Lake by free government ferry, 42 miles. By motor boat to the head of Ootsa 30 miles. Here the Tahtsa River empties in a wide delta forming feeding grounds for innumerable ducks and geese, a good fall hunt being assured. Then four miles of the Tahtsa River, a steady flowing stream affording good trout fishing in season. The Tahtsa River is left at the forks, the out-let of Sinclair Lake, seven miles of slack water where the still ness is only disturbed by the splashing of a crossing moose or jumping trout. The Whitesail River is then ascended to its outlet from Whitesail Lake a distance of eight miles including about four miles of swift water easily negotiated however with a good outboard engine. On entering Whitesail Lake a wonderful panorama unfolds, all the snow capped peaks of Tweedsmuir Park extending from south to north looking westerly.



Ootsa Lake campsite — Ootsa Lake part of the northern boundary of Tweedsmuir Park.

From the outlet of Whitesail Lake to the head, a distance of thirty miles many creeks ending in falls enter the lake and at the foot of these falls the trout fishing is infallible. A short natural canal connects with Little Whitesail, three miles long. Here the mountain goats may be seen bracketed on the apparently perpendicular cliffs, and here the camera fiend gets busy.

It was here that a trapper, John McCuish died from exposure within a few hundred yards of his cabin

Returning to the Mile portage between Whitesail and Big Eutsuk Lakes the portage is made easy by rails laid to the summit lake and continuing to an arm of St. Thomas' Bay.

Here Paddy Carroll who with his wife and five dog teams leisurely crossing the continent, made his favorite camp, and over every camp fire in the evenings would compose and leave a verse or two on a smoothly blazed tree. His ode to "The Trapper" marks the summit camp thus:-

"His paddle deft the water cleft
A trout slid swifty by,
A loon's lone cry, the mountains high
Re-echo to the sky.
Aloft a whiskered goat on haunches sat
Like some Druid priest of old
On the shimmering Lakes the morning breaks
To greet the trapper bold."

Big Eutsuk with its many deep indentations and creeks plunging into the quiet water affords exploring trips for the more leisurely tourists and camera hunters. The St. Thomas plateau was formerly famous for its herds of caribou which have been decimated by wolves and indians.

The survivers are now in smaller bands in the vicinity of Dome Mountain and the open ranges below Chief Peak. Hunters annually get choice heads as, except by the indians, they are little hunted.

Pondosy Bay opens into the lake of the same name and discloses a new vista of glacial mountains. On the slides, bear, both black and grizzly may often be seen, specimens of the little white bear (ureus kermodei) have also been seen but are rare. Here a trail through the Secumtha Pass leads out to the salt water of Kimsquit Arm.

From St. Thomas Bay to the entrance into Tetachuck River every creek mouth for the distance of thirty miles affords good rainbow trout fishing and for the entire crossing lake-trout up to 25 lbs. may be taken on a salmon troll.

Leaving Big Eutsuk Lake where the down stream trip commences a swift rough rapid is run at a favourable

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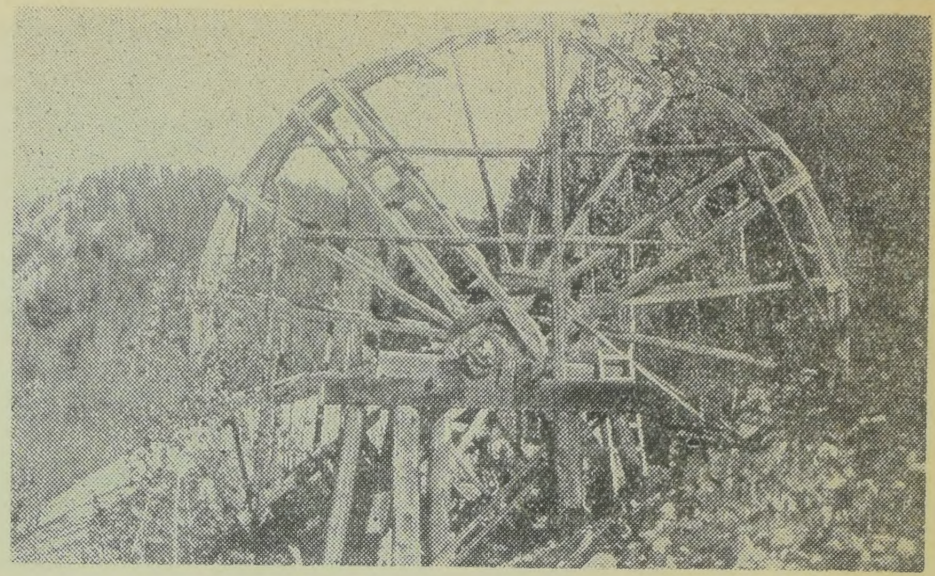
Bridge River MINING

In which an oldtimer recalls the early days.

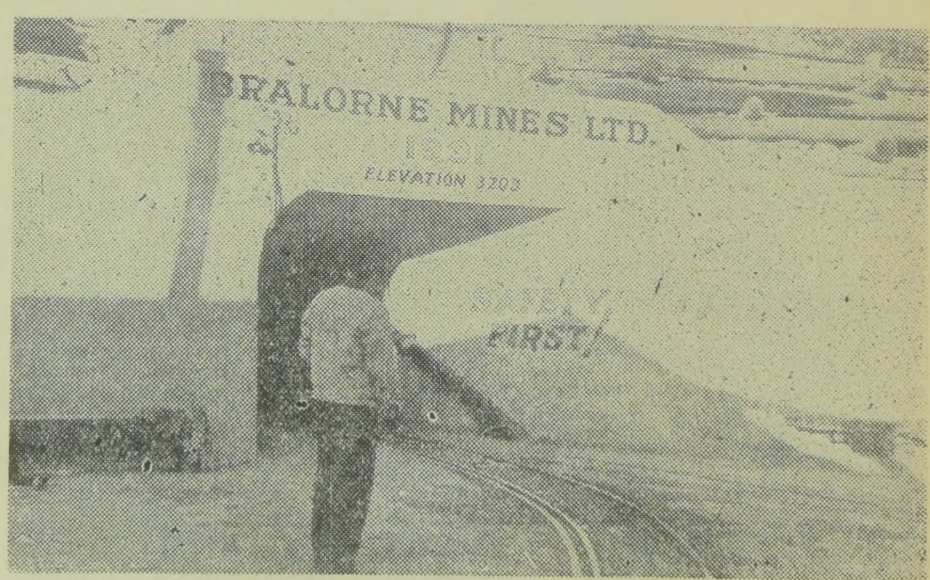
by C. A. PHAIR



"Arestra" original" Bralorne (Lorne) mill on the hill above present townsite.

Bridge River flows into the Fraser about four miles above Lillooet, As it enters the Fraser through a trough cut through solid bedrock it looks mighty small compared to the Fraser and no one would have any idea that it drains a vast country of probably 1500 square miles in area. It rises in the Coast Mountains whose peaks run up to perpetual snow, away to the west. On one of the Forks lies one of the biggest glaciers in Central B.C. perhaps 50 miles across. Few have attempted to cross it. The main river is about a hundred miles long, but its three branches are equally important. Cadwallader rises near Anderson Lake, flows North-east joins the Hurley flows north then west and then Southerly to make a complete horseshoe. The Cadwallader branch is where the famous Pioneer and Bralorne are to be found. The Hurley or Hamilton is the Middle branch and about the same length as Cadwallader some 25 miles. The main river first runs easterly, then S.E. towards Seton Lake, but then turns suddenly northerly through a gorge, then southeast to join the Fraser five miles from Seton Lake. Twenty-five miles from the mouth it is joined by the Yalokom, or north fork, the headwaters of which are in the Poison Mountain district.

Sixty years ago the Cariboo miners had come and gone. No one then outside of Professor Dawson (Canada's great geologist) had any idea that more gold would be coming out today from this insignificant little stream than the whole of Cariboo ever produced. In the rush to Cariboo a few miners had ascended the river and had taken out considerable gold, even one hundred dollar nuggets, but outside of a few Indian and Chinese snippers it was years before much was taken out. Later on a few worked the Hurley, but although it was known 50 years that here was gold in the quartz the camp lay dormant for years. Had it not been for finding of Gold on Cayoosh Creek in about 1884 by the Chinese, the Bralorne might have still been unworked. But starting with Cayoosh Creek a chain of events led up to the finding of the Cadwallader Creek leads. In 1880 the public had decided all the available gold had been taken out of this part of the world, and Cariboo went back to fur trading. In 1887 George Ward found rich ore in the Bonanza just above where the Chinese were placer mining. But even this was soon to be forgotten and this country given another black eye. After taking out a few rich specimens, the rest of the ledge was found to be barren, and after doing considerable work it was abandoned. Cayoosh Creek was forgotten for another ten years, but in 1896 Joe. Copeland while out hunting sheep found a small speciman that was to change the situation here and lead to the finding of what is now the rich mining district of



Main portal—Bralorne Mine—millions in gold come out of this entrance.

Bridge River. Copeland knew nothing about prospecting, but every fall he would go up Cayoosh Creek to get some meat for the winter. There was just a trail up the creek. and it was hard going. Most of the Chinamen had left, so it was again a hunters paradise. Goats could be seen by the dozens even hundreds unmolested, Sheep could be seen in bands of fifty or more in the fall, deer could be seen in droves of two or three hundred. Few hunters had to ever venture as far back as the Cache. With Copeland this fall was the youth Arthur Noel (who was to become famous as the man who did so much for mining in Bridge River). Guthrie who claimed to be a mining expert, a LaRochella boy and Copelands wife.

Copeland went out hunting Mountain sheep on the bluffs which ran up from the Creek for several thousand feet. He had spotted a band and was coming down the mountain behind them a thousand feet above the creek when he saw a beautiful piece of white rock with dazzling mineral through it. He knew little about mineral and thought it might be copper. He had no idea it was gold, but he wanted to have something to show his people in Camp.

After supper they sat gossiping and figuring out tomorrow's hunt, Copeland pulled the specimen out. Guthrie pronounced it copper at once and they figured he was right. Copeland's wife had panned gold on the Fraser, and she was not convinced, so next day she broke some of the specimen up, and panned it. She told Copeland it was gold, and he knew it was worth staking. They staked four claims to be known later on as the Golden Cache, one each for Copeland and his wife, one for Noel, and one for LaRochelle. It seemed Guthrie was not interested, and they left him. 29 days afterward J. M. Mackinnon and Ward DeBeck were in town and gave $95,000 cash for the group.

This started a Mining Boom that echoed around the world, but like many others the boom was only temporary, and in the long run perhaps

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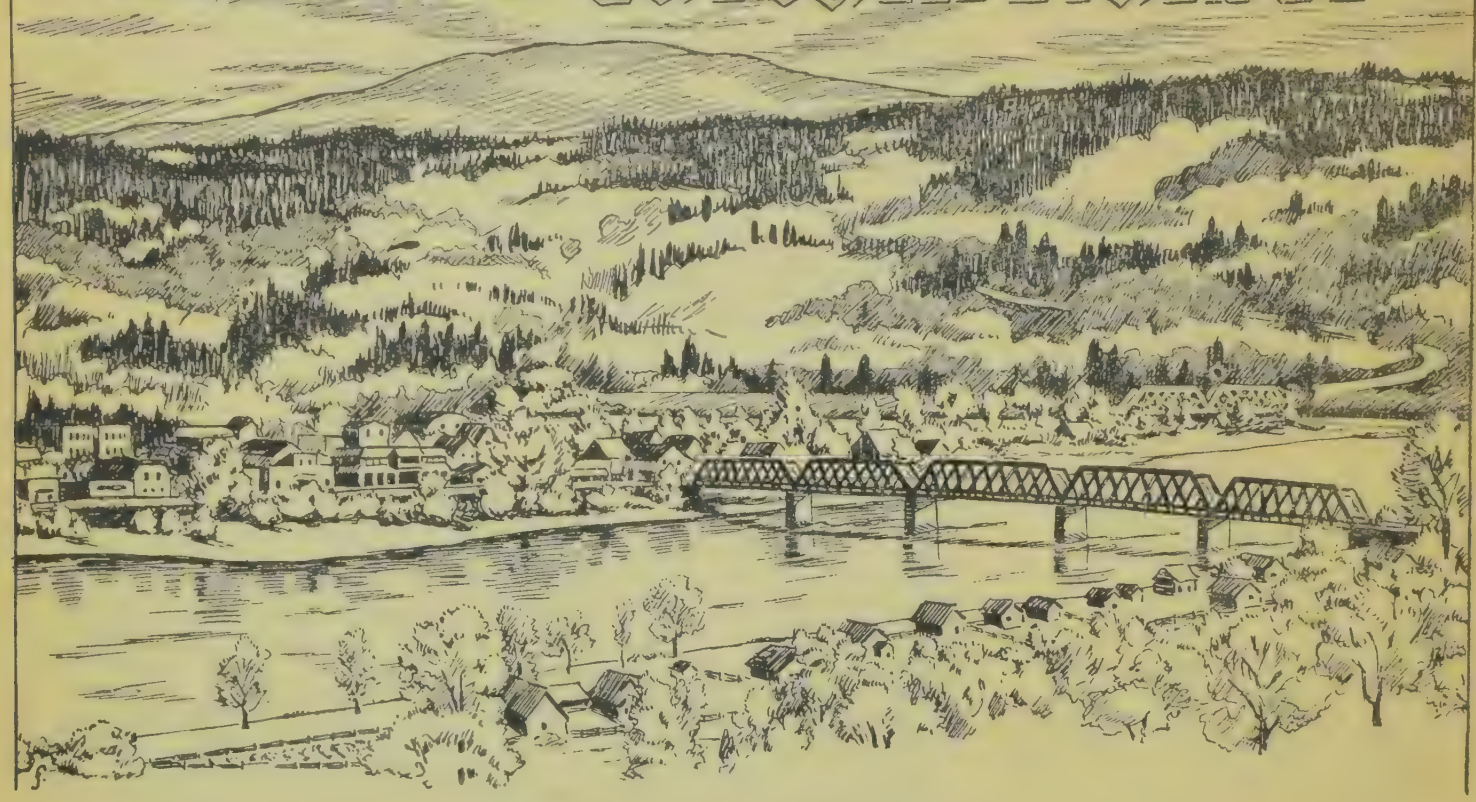
Mountain Ranges in the Bridge River Country.

TOWNSITE—Bralorne, B. C.

Looking down at Seton Lake from the road over Mission Mountain.

Cariboo Curtain Raiser



by F. W. Lindsay

QUESNEL-on-the-Fraser, with its back drop of Dragon Mountain, is the setting superb for one of Cariboo's yearly dramas—the Dominion Day Races. There is nothing outstanding or spectacular about the production itself, but for those who enjoy the thrill of going back stage, the all-Cariboo cast provides entertainment deluxe.

The main stage entrance for visitors is over the Quesnel River Bridge in the extreme right wing, via P.G. E. railway or Cariboo Road. But most of the actors come in across the Fraser bridge on right centre stage.

Early in June, covered wagons of the remote Nazko Indians begin rumbling in from the northwest to their picturesque camping spot at the foot of the "sugar loaf" hill on the Fraser's west bank. Indians from Alkali Lake, to the south, drive in with their race horses and camp at the edge of town on the Quesnel river.

This is their big holiday near the bright lights, after long, lonely winters of trapping and hunting. It takes a good many weeks to fill the the youngsters up on soda pop and ice cream—to give the women time to shop for bright colored calico dresses and to eat equally bright colored lollipops in the shade of the big cottonwoods along the river—and to let the men catch up on the news and gossip of the past year.

The largest camp, near the sugar loaf, contains some twenty tents pitched on an open bit of meadow. Toward evening, many smokes arise from the campfires and one hears the slow, sing-song chant of primitive tunes being sung in chorus.

Local stores are almost constantly sold out of bread and eggs, which the Indians buy in large quantities. Soap, soup, pop and icecream range next in sales appeal.

The men wear cowboy hats mostly, blue denims,plaid shirts, and neck scarves. Sweaters are a standard item of apparel for the women, winter and

Impromptu Indian war dance staged by Alkali Lake Indians. The man at the drum is Chief of the Chilcotins and he's chanting in their language a Gertrude-Steinish ditty, "The deer and the horse, the deer and the horse—the horse and the deer, the horse and the deer."

Off to the races— Grandma leads blind grandpa up the dusty road in the wake of the crowd.

Did we say "no beer"? Well, here's one chap who found some. The old soldier with Red Cross badge on his arm is standing by. In case you wouldn't know, the berry one is a big game guide dressed up in city duds.

summer, but aside from these, no two outfits are exactly alike. The older women wear bright head scarves in primary colours. The girls glory in leather belts, heavily studded with nickel and all of them are bedecked with trinkets - from safety-pins and brooches to men's wrist watches with thonged leather straps and numerous bangles. The girls who have no bangles paint bracelets on their wrists. Their long black hair held back with rows of bobby pins, berets, or hair bows.

As no one apparently wants to be a baby sitter, papooses go along with the family in their individual birch bark baskets, usually tended by the younger girls.

During their sojourn near town, the squaws work at tanning moose and deer hides and at making these into mocassins, gloves, vests and coats, which may be bought at the camp - surprisingly cheap.

Dozens of dogs forage about the camp, or lie indolently in the shade of the wagons. The horses are hobbled and turned loose to follow a belled mare. When they are required for use, the little girls of the camp go after them. Sometimes the children walk all day - without lunch - before catching up to the nags, which often head back up the Nazko road toward the home range. Once captured, they are mounted bare-back and ridden back to camp at a lively trot.

As the First of July draws near, the town's population swells and bursts scattering tents and trailers into the adjacent woodsey areas and along the nearby creeks. The clatter of horses' hoofs is heard all day long across the bridge and streets are parked tight with cars and trucks that have come hundreds of miles - from Blackwater Soda Creek, Barkerville, Dog Creek. Trappers, miners, ranchers, cowboys old-timers and kids - all play their parts in the tableau.

The holiday week-end opens with two dances on Saturday night: one in the Legion Hall and one out-of-doors across the river. Sunday is the sports day, with baseball teams from Prince George,Williams Lake, Wells and other Cariboo towns competing.

But Dominion Day itself is the climax. It starts with a parade at noon, followed by the crowning of the Cariboo Queen. And then the races, held in a natural amphitheatre where the crowd can sit on bleachers or on the green grassy banks.

Most exciting of all is the Roman race, where competitors ride standing on two horses, one foot on each. Most fun is the relay race, with contestants riding three different mounts in succession and changing saddles each time. Anythng can happen, and very often does, as when one of the horses bolted off the track before reaching the fresh mounts; the rider grabbed his saddle, ran the last hundred yards or so and still came in first.

One sta. racer is Phoebe-Jo, a horse owned by an Alkali Lake Indian. He isn't sure just how old she is, but he knows she's at least fifteen. She's been racing at Quesnel for seven or eight years and this summer, true to her usual style, she won the mile and the mile and a quarter derby in one day.

Off the track she's a tired-looking little cayuse. But like a good trouper she drops her age before an audience and pricks her ears prettily when her

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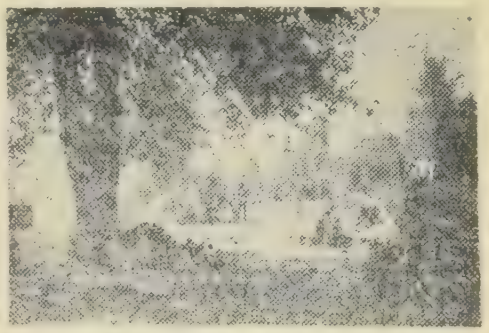
The Nazko Indian girls go in for ribbons, barets and bobby pins and specialize in "Veronica Lake" hair-dos.



Nazko Indian camp on picturesque meadow by the Fraser.

Cariboo Curtain Raiser

public gives her a hand.

The Indian boy's band from St. Joseph Mission, south of Williams Lake is a high favorite with all. Under the clever leadership of Father Hennessy, these youngsters give a skilled performance. The littlest member, clad in white sailor suit, leads the troupe through interesting marching numbers, his big baton bobbing up and down in perfect time.

Later in the program, the band dons ruffled clown suits and performs in numerous tumbling acts to the delight of the crowd.

The day winds up with an impromptu war dance, a wrestling contest and another evening of dancing and merry making.

Again, it's not the play, but the players that make the show worth while. Visitors can sit on a hotel verandah and in a single day, see the whole panorama of the Cariboo go by.

And when the play is over, the troupers go home. Cowboys and ranchers and those who must work for a living pack themselves and their neighbours in their trucks the morning after and set out on the long road home.

The Indians linger on, but one by one, like leaves drifting down in the fall, the families take down their tents and drive away and soon the camping ground is bare for another year.

No one wants to be a baby-sitter on Dominion Day, so junior goes along to the races in his papoose basket.

Verse « «

A Braw Bit O' Scotland

On an episode in very early Cariboo history—even long before it became known as (Cariboo).

Now Jock Adair was not aware
Of the trials he'd have to court,
As the famous Scottish factor
Of Alexandria Fort.

His highland pride he would not hide;
He'd wear his kilts, he swore;
Though it wonder-struck the natives
On the Fraser River shore.

And he was quite a handsome wight,
As he swirled his Highland plaid
Among the admiring natives
In their furs and buckskin clad.

They liked his skirl o'pipes and swirl
O' kilts and lilts galore
But a brawny factor dressed in skirts
They'd never seen before.

Late one night Jock snuffed the light
In his cosy rough-hewn room;
Then curious female faces
Crept closer in the gloom.

The dusky maids were doubting jades,
And made the daring plan
To find out if their hero Jock
Were honestly a man

Now kilties heed! they did succeed
And were not disappointed;
Jock proved the man their natures craved——
The chief their hearts annointed.

But truth to tell, tis not so well
When it rains not maids, but pours!
As our braw, proud kilted laddie
Found on these wild Fraser shores!

So the maids grew sad when breeches clad
What they admired before,
As a braw bit o' Scotland
On the Fraser River shore.

— Bob Barlow

Wilderness Call

I've hacked the spruce, and worked
And fed the beef cows too
I've lived life, without a wife,
And dined on mullgan stew.

I've tried my hand, at farming the land,
But found I couldn't stick.
So I traded by plow and jersey cow,
For a miners shovel and pick.

My shovel I threw, in the deepest slough,
I hung my pick in a tree.
If I never go back, to that miners shack.
'Twill be soon enough for me.

Then I risked my name, for the contract game,
And lord what a lot of fun.
I started broke, and it weren't no joke,
I had less when I got done.

Yes I worked awhile, on the cord wood pile,
And its the nearest I ever come.
To losing my shirt, and socks to boot,
And becoming a first class bum.

Opportunities knocked, and I've laughed till I rocked.
To think of it tying me down.
For the life I love, is far above.
The life of the man in town.

So there you see, just as plain as can be,
How in life I've really failed.
I'll fill the pack, tied onto my back,
And take to the mountain trails.

On natures bed, I'll pillow my head,
When the stars come out to play.
To the mountain dome, I'll wander alone,
In the first pale streaks of the day.

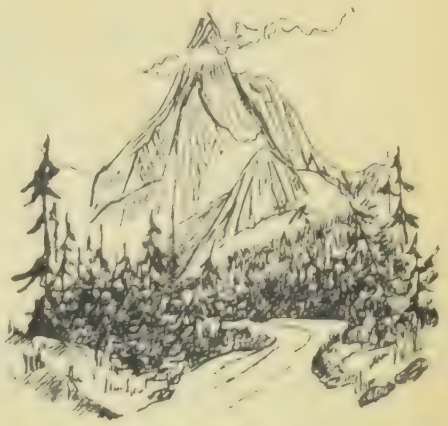
— H. H. P.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessing.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man that can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

- Thomas Carlyle

The Great Chief of KATZ



An Indian Legend—hoary with age, the events of which are said to have taken place when Egypt was still the centre of the civilized world—which sheds a new light on innocent little 'Greenwood' Island which the mighty Fraser threatens to wash away each year.

by Wm. Morris

A visitor to present-day Hope, B.C. is impressed by nothing so much as the boom that is apparently taking place in this once quiet little village—gateway to the great North Country. The visitors eyes will see the obvious things; and his mind will record them; the tremendous building boom; the dozens of new buildings, stores. garages, auto camps, cafes theatres, laundries etc.—and the scores of houses under construction, will not be missed. Nor will the visitor miss the fact that there seem to be far more people bustling about than the town town can decently accommodate; that great improvements are being made to the roads and streets throughout the town.

Casual inquiry will reveal the reason for all this activity as being due primarily to the fact that a highway is is being constructed from Hope to Princeton. and that a logging company employing some 400 men has started operations a few miles out of town There are other reasons, of course, but I doubt whether he will bother to unearth them. The obvious things will be recorded and the visitor will go his way. Should the visitor before leaving, happen to look to the west, out over the mighty Fraser, I doubt whether he would give more than a passing glance to tiny Greenwood Island anchored there in midstream; and at that probably a glance of annoyance, for the tall trees on the island obstruct the view of the valley. 'Little will he realize with what awe and respect the island is regarded by the native Indian population for the countryside is steeped in legend lost to the casual observer. Some Indian tales, related but rarely even to persistent delvers into forgotten periods, have through the years, and with each recital, become so greatly exaggerated that at last a semblance of truth is lost to a fanciful enchantment.

This island in the middle of the river at Hope is such a legendary spot, which legend, however, must have a basic truth for even today the Indians of the lower Fraser hold it in awe and reverance. It seems that many, many years ago, when the fathers of the present mighty Douglas Fir were mere seedlings, and there was no noise in all the land except the sound of the moose and the elk and the bear walking through the forests, or the sigh of the breeze through the tree-tops, there lived a great chief whose name was not handed down with his great deeds, and who still remains in Indian legends 'The Great Chief of KATZ'.

Now this chief was a wise and clever leader and through patience taught his people how to catch the wonderful fish with the red flesh by spearing them, and taught them also how to clean it and hang it in the sun to dry so that when winter came his tribe would always have a great store of food. He showed the people how to hunt in the great forest, but also admonished them never to take more than they needed so that the deer and moose would always remain plentiful and famine need not strike the land. This chief was loved by all his tribesmen, for was he not kind and chosen by the Great Spirit. Did he not, once every moon, make a lonely pilgrimage to the top of the mountain and offer a goat as sacrifice to his father the 'God of Thunder'.

It was upon returning from one of these vigils, that he found the village a shambles and some of his squaws carried off by a tribe who lived further up the great river. Calling all his braves together, the chief soon found out what had happened and prepared plans for reprisal. It was well that the braves had had the great chief for their teacher for now they sped through the forest with never a sound or a bent blade of grass to denote their passing. By travelling most of the night came upon the enemy. After a few brief instructions from their chief the braves crept stealthily into the midst of the camp and took them by surprise, slaying half of them and taking the rest prisoners together with all the women.

After arriving home safely all the captured enemy were forced to work repairing the damaged village, after which they were taken by the chief and placed upon the island known today as 'Greenwood'. The waters of the mighty river were running high, fed by the melting snows,and with no canoes, or driftwood for a raft, there was no possible way of escape. To attempt to swim the swollen river with its tricky currents would have been suicide. No game lived there and the only birds were the long-necked variety of brown heron which nested in the thick undergrowth and were too tough to eat. The prisoners indeed would never escape this island-prison, and they never did. Always when pri-

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MUSEUM of OLD BARKERVILLE

by Jean E. Barlow

(An exhibition shown at the Wells Victoria Fair of April 25th, 1942, with credit to Mrs. Wm. Moore of Barkervlle, Mrs. Sibyl MacGregor and Mrs. Jean Reid of Wells.)

Much is being written and said and hoped these days for Cariboo's future, almost as if these post-war days are vital as stepping stones to the ultimate. Undoubtedly, they are Cariboo—especially the mining country—is entering another phase, and most minds, like sheep, are flocking forward to new, untrampled fields of expectation.

Other phases have gone before, however, with the same desires faiths and energies at the monitor—minerally speaking. Without those old days, would this year of 1946 have the same aspects?

Many items on exhibition at that temporary museum on April 25th, 1942 were small; so small, in fact, and yet so valuable that they were catalogued and safeguarded by showcases. An hour spent among them made one feel as though he had read an important book previously overlooked, and one that, otherwise he may never have enjoyed at all.

At first visitor wandered past the objects strangely; then as curiosity mounted each realized that now he could examine the very seeds that had fashioned his present-day home.

An object of beauty and craftsmanship that held the sovereign rights to the room was a wedding dress that cannot be described justly merely by calling it a relic. It was the wedding dress of 'Grandma' House, a woman known and loved in Barkerville for over sixty years. It is a symbol of everything that ever went into making Cariboo what it is. Fashioned in San-Francisco of heaven blue taffeta and old lace at a cost of $150. Mrs. House proudly brought it to Barkerville, where she wore it as a bride in 1876. Under a glass case were her jewels, rare and exquisite with their distinction of mariarchy. A ring of a

Barkerville today much smaller— much subdued to what it was in the roaring sixties.

hundred and fifty years—belonging to her mother and said to conceal a wisp of her hair—two sets of earings, delicate and filigree, and a brooch were there—all priceless objects she had brought with her from her home across the sea.

Probably for Mrs. House, as for no other person who made Cariboo his home, did the future hold as much as in the years that followed 1876. The first christening dress to come to Cariboo was sent to Mrs. House for the christening of her first child. Handmade at a convent in San Francisco of fine muslin and French lace, it hung near the wedding gown for all to see; for all to know the quiet righteousness of a young country above its famous ruthlessness. On December 12 1940, British Columbia lost a pioneer favorite when death took the one that friends and public had come to know as 'Grandma' House.

Under the glass showcase were remnants of the first Barkerville hotel. An old, hollow-stemmed champagne glass that possibly had pronounced many a unknown toast, and candle snuffers seemed to preen themselves like shining aristocrats. Indeed, one of the candle snuffers *was* a handsome affair, designed in ornate silver; but its companion was a crude imitation in rusted iron. Although the former may have been one used only at special occasions, by privileged personages, or hung at grace in one of the best rooms, now its value was no greater than its rough brother that perhaps had seen the dreariness of cabin and darkness of underground.

There, too, was a sugar bowl from one of the oldest taverans, and poker chips and ivory billiard balls from the very first. Where people thought that refreshment places should have been alluded to as 'saloons',research by the relic committee divulged the fact that where food was served in addition to drinks 'tavern' was the proper word to use. The word 'saloon' was not noted throughout the whole collection.

Among other small but interesting incidentals was a pair of spectacles dating back to the early sixties, and which the possessor estimated to be over one hundred years old. It may be certain that through these small lenses the infrequent mail of long ago had been eagerly scanned; that the eyes behind them had laughed and cried, worried and wondered, and dimmed and died. No matter which side we viewed them from, all we could see was the present. Has any transparency ever guarded its secrets a well as that of the black rimmed glasses? There was a set of Chinese gold-scales, locked in their smooth wooden case - locked against the gold reapers of modern times, for long since they weighed out their last stakes; their last great fortune. In another corner of this particular display, filled out in yellowed ink, was the first recorded lease of the Government Reserve in Valley Creek ,rented at $125. It represented the ambitions and hopes of an early Cariboo miner. And like a queen prouder, perhaps than anything else in the showcase, sat Barkerville's own Jane Thompson. Only a doll, but as pretty and perfect as a lady in a frilly blue gown and posied bonnet. Many a miner called her his sweetheart when he won her during the first world war in a raffle for nuggets hidden under her skirts. Always she was returned to the Red Cross, to be raffled again. The proceeds she won scored in the vicinity of a thousand dollars.

On the next open display table loomed one old blue and white chinaware beautiful and massive. It came to Barkerville in 1895 with Col. Beecher of New York, who was on a mining project to Wolfe Creek, a branch of China Creek a few miles from the eldorado. It is said that Col. Beecher was the son of the famous Henry Ward Beecher.

Not at all old-country like the forementioned china, but ruggedly dominant in the display, were two cooking pots. One, hand-made from hammered copper, was dug up from twenty feet of tailings in the California Gulch—the name which speaks for the earlier ventures of its miners. Thereby it is named as a relic of the early sixties.

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Wells, B. C.

Queen of the Hinterland

As proud as a queen upon your throne,
Chiseled by pick and shovel from stone.
Vain of your gold and crystals of quartz,
Haughty in answer to all retorts.

A challenge you fling to all who hail
Your dazzling lights on Bullion Trail,
"Come on and fight, if fight you dare,
Fortune lies captive in Nature's lair."

"You feel the kiss of the lake-born wind?
You know how the blizzards of winter blind?
Ambition to conquer comes easy, too.
What of the stuff for sticking it through?

"It takes more than steel and an iron hand,
It takes more than help, and a thousand grand.
Pave your own road with faith unbound,
Scatter persistence and patience around.

"Fill up your life with this God-given stuff,
I'll defy you to say you have half enough.
If you're still smiling after the test.
You're welcome to stay as one of the best."

Fine words for a queen, and true ones, too;
Does she remember the brave one who
Opened the lock with his pick and pan,
Refused to say "die," to God or man?

Others came after, defiant and bold,
Raising her fame for the price of gold—
Built her a throne and gave her command,
The dauntless queen of the hinterland.

Jean E. Barlow.

Tweedsmuir Park

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passengers take the trail to the eddy at the foot of the rapid and fish while the guides run the boats through and portage the guns, cameras and valuable equipment. Twenty miles of Tetachuck Lake which resembles a silver ribbon from the summits of the near by mountains brings one to the Tetachuck River, six miles of wild white water which may only be run at a most favourable stage of water. To avoid heavy portaging a relay of boats are usually in readiness at the foot of the big falls loaded with supplies and camping equipment. Camp is usually made at de Ganahl rapids Fishermen are usually loath to leave when the guides have portaged all personal belongings to the waiting boats.

From the big falls to Asline Ford where the Bella Coola trail crosses some 120 miles from that sea port there is a mile and a half of fast water affording the finest of fly fishing. During a high stage of water the ford becomes a swim. A ferry service is maintained at Aslin's Post from which point a mile of swift smooth running river enters into Euchu Lake, twelve miles long and connecting with Natalkuz Lake by a mile of swift shallow channel, a favorite crossing for moose and deer.

Crossing Natalkuz Lake a distance of eight miles the outlet of the Nechaco River offers a splendid camp. All the water sheds in to the Nechaco which a few miles below plunges into a narrow gorge and passes through canyon after canyon. Starting up stream, in fourteen miles the outlet of Intahta Lake is reached and two miles of fairly swift, shoal water, easily ascended, intice the enthusiastic fisherman to make camp.

Intahta Lake, a muddy shallow lake 12 miles long is the fall stamping ground of the moose. Here they may be often seen standing almost submerged or silhouetted on some sandy point from whence the challenge to battle or the softer mating call may be heard..

Tetachuk River—affords excellent fishing — *Kopas Photo*

Many sloughs enter Intahta, where the ducks and geese are numerous in the fall. The narrow channels between Eucha, Natalkuz and Intahta in which may be found open water during the severest weather are the winter feeding grounds of the trumpeter swan. The flocks are lessening gradually in spite of the fact that no one but a Siwash ever shoots at a swan.

Leaving Intahta Lake the Ootsa River is entered and a succession of white water rapids encountered. Six miles of river, near the head of which the ford of the old Bella Coola trail crosses, and the buildings of Henson's Post will be seen at the foot of Ootsa Lake. Twenty miles of quiet water will bring one back to the starting point at Bennet's Landing, or thirty miles to Harrison's Bay should the start have been made from there.

Although the Circle trip may be made in three days should speed be necessary, no one has yet cared to rush through. If all the water-ways are explored the actual canoe distance is over three hundred miles. There are plenty of game and fish to satisfy any true sportsman.

To the ski enthusiast the high plateaus and snowy clad glaciers offer a fine terrain for summer ski-ing.

At Paddy Carrol's last camp on Eutsuk Lake, the poet dog-musher left the following tribute to British Columbia's last park reserve.

TWEEDSMUIR PARK

The silver spruce are mirrored
In the blue lake's peaceful deep
Majestic moose are haunting rugged shore.
The grey geese seek a nesting place
And shining rainbows leap.
The white swan pipes his call o'er mountains hoar.
The shinning glaciers beckon
Far above the timber line
Where the mighty grizzly ambles o'er the slide.
The caribou are harking to the whistling marmots sign
The ptarmigan, on white wings graceful, glide
O'er the hills of purple heather
Set with glistening emerald pools
Midst the ancient snow-copped peaks where nature rules.

BARNARD'S Express to Cariboo 1870

by Emelene Thomas

As told by JACK BELL

An old River Steamer used on the Fraser around the turn of the century

FOREWORD —

In the autumn of 1857 James Bell, then twenty-two years of age, arrived in Victoria from California where for three years he had engaged in lumbering and mining after making the journey from his native province of New Brunswick. With some companions, he crossed to the Mainland and followed up the Fraser, where gold was reportedly to be found in paying quantities.

After a practically fruitless trip up the Coquihalla and across the divide to the Similkameen, they returned to Hope, where they joined others pushing up through the canyons trying the bars for the precious metal. Hostile Indians caused considerable trouble until Savona's Ferry was reached. There a treaty was made and from then on the adventurers found the way easier. Prospecting as they went, they at length reached Quesnel. Here some remained to mine with rocker and wingdam, but Jim and others, looking for greener pastures, pushed on to Quesnel Lake, then to Keithley Creek, where they found good ground. While at Keithley, a William Barker arrived from over the divide, and to a few gave the news that he had found good prospects but was out of grub. Following his cue twelve men, among who were Jim Bell, Bill Cunningham, and Bob Fulton "or Fulford" made up the party, and pulling out quietly crossed the divide. They followed a creek that they named Cunningham after Bill, and farther on struck Williams Creek "Dutch Bill", where they located claims. Bell and Fulton had a joint claim named Bell-Fulford, as recorded in old files. When that was worked out Jim located or bought in what was known as the Cunningham Group, consisting of some eight claims worked jointly. That was in 1861. It must have been a paying proposition, for in 1862 he sold his interest for $60,000 and returned to New Brunswick where he married and settled down. But the pull of the west was too strong, and four years later he returned with his wife and young daughter. After another brief period of "settling down" Jim left his family in Victoria, and once more headed for the Cariboo, with another stake in mind. In the summer of 1867 his son John Warren Bell, was born in Victoria, the event being duly chronicled by Editor Billy Allen in the Cariboo Sentinel published in Bakerville.

Lightning Creek was the new scene of Jim's activities. Soon he was joined by his brother John, who had come on from the old home. 1876 found them working the Last Chance claim above Van Winkle. Mrs. Bell, too, made the arduous trip by stage-coach, living at Van Winkle for some time. But the Last Chance never paid, so the brothers abandoned it and left the Cariboo. . . . . .

From his home in Vancouver John "Jack" Warren Bell now nudging eighty has looked back through the years to the time when as a boy of ten, he travelled up the long trail to Van Winkle, and has written an account of those days as he remembers them, and of events told him by his father and others. Old days old places, old names, all linked with the history of British Columbia, appear names familiar to the Cariboo of the yesterday and today..

E.A.T.

In the autumn of 1877, at the ripe age of ten, I stood on the C. P. Navigation wharf at New Westminster, ready and eager to embark on the S.S. Reliance on the first leg of the long journey to the Cariboo, to join my parents and younger brother Ward, who were living at Van Winkle on Lightning Creek. I jumped when the steamer blew three long whistles, announcing it was half an hour before sailing time.

My uncle Warren DeBeck introduced me to Sergeant Lindsay of the B.C. Police Force, who had consented to take charge of me. The sergeant at that time was stationed in the Cariboo, and was returning from an official trip to Victoria. He was a rather short, powerfully built man, robust and very jolly. While the two men talked, my sister gave me final instructions on what to do and what not to do.

The whistle sounded again, twice—fifteen more minutes to go. That whisle was a regular clock for some of the townfolk.

One more long blast and we said goodbye and hurried down the wide gangplank to the deck of the steamer. The strong voice of Captain Delware Insley called out, "Lets go forward," and in response the bow swung off.

'Let go abaft."'

Then the engine bell signalled "go ahead" and the boat headed into the river. Again the bell rang "Full speed

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A THESIS ON THE MUSKRAT

by E. R. Bobb

There seems to be a very wide difference of opinion both among the trappers and the Game Department as to the habits of the Muskrat and as to how and when they should be caught..

I think I am qualified to write on this subject having trapped muskrat for 40 years and having been a careful observer of their habits. I first trapped rats in Wisconsin, then Minesota, North Dakota and lastly but not least in B.C., where for the past 10 years. I have operated a registered trapline.

The muskrat is a shallow water feeder which thrives on the tender white roots of almost any of the grasses, flag and rushes which grow prefusely in shallow water. As grasses do not grow in deep water, good "rat" ponds are necessarily shallow ponds. And yet, because the muskrat does not store food for winter the ponds must not be so shallow as to freeze to the bottom during the winter. The rats must have freedom to move about under the ice to gather their food. If the pond freezes to the bottom the rats soon perish.

There has been considerable controversy at our trappers meetings as to the best method and time to trap rats. Our game laws say that we shall not molest the houses, so apparently it is taken for granted that the rats live in their houses. This, however, is far from the fact. The real den for the rats is in the bank. On very large flat marshes where there is no chance of the rats getting into a nearby bank they will live in a house built of reeds, moss, etc., but this is a very rare occurence. There are, in most rat marshes, two distinct kinds of houses. One type, known as feed houses, or "push-ups" are as rule very small with just enough room for a rat to get into feed. And then there are the large houses which are supposed to be their living quarters, but which are actually sun-parlours. The observer will note that muskrats invaribly build their houses on the sunny side of the marshes, wherein they lie most of the day absorbing the sunshine, the house being so loosely constructed as to allow the suns rays to penetrate the roof. Sometimes as many as a dozen rats will lie in one house sunning themselves. As a rule there is a feed-house in connection with the large house and in nine cases out of ten it is built on the north side of the larger dwelling or "sun-parlour".

The real home of the rats, however, are in the banks bordering the marshes. It is in the dens burrowed out of the banks that the rats have their young (average litter about 8) and also have feeding quarters. Though very easily located before snow comes, these dens should never be molested, despite which many trappers locate and mark the dens before snow fles and trap them when prime. This practise leads to the eventual extermination of all rats in the area.

It is a common belief that rats will increase tremendously if left alone; that they will reproduce and multiply until the marshes are literally overrun with rats. This is far from the truth, as a colony of rats will not increase beyond such numbers as the supply of available food will support. They are very quarrelsome in breeding season, which is directly after the ice breaks up in the spring about the first of April. The colony will tolerate only a given number of rats in any one area. In a very small pond one pair is the rule, with two or three pair in larger ponds, and in large marshes there will be pairs at regular intervals around the circumference of the marsh, apparently knowing to a nicety exactly how much feed it will take to raise their young . . . .

As for the rest of the rats, according to my observations, this is what happens: They always pair off in the spring, and as there are always more males than females the big fight is on . . . . . This is surely the survival of the fittest. The victors get the mates. The rest either get killed or are forced to hunt new feeding grounds, if the area has been supporting rats to capacity. It i s these rats, the vanquished, and the new pairs that one sees in the little ponds in the spring of the year, which ponds had no rats the year before.

There are all kinds of small pot-holes which fill up with water in the spring and dry up long before the fall of the year. These take a heavy toll of the muskrats forced away from home ponds, as they must wander overland in search of new and unoccupied ponds and in their wanderings become prey to their many natural enemies such as coyotes, mink, fox hawks, etc.

It is obvious from the above, that the rats left behind in the ponds after the breeding season is over in the spring are the *breeding stock* of which there are never too many. It would be a mistake to trap in the open water of the old established rat marshes after breeding time in the spring, as it would obviously mean a smaller crop the following year, as each one caught at this time means one less that will breed, the young having already been driven off to succumb to natural enemies or perish as soon as summer comes and the pot-holes in which they temporarily set up houses, begin to dry up

The best time to trap the rats is before the breeding season starts and that can only be accomplished

by trapping in the houses before the spring break-up.

The fundamental principle of being a good trapper lies in being able to estimate properly the number of fur-bearers on a trap-line and in not "over-trapping" the line. BREEDING STOCK MUST BE LEFT. The muskrat trapper MUST in the summer time, if he is to build up his line, devote a great part of his time to building dams which will impound the spring run-off.

The modern trapper regards his fur bearers very much in the same light as a rancher does his stock. As a rancher provides more range for his cattle if he expects to increase his herds, so must the trapper provide more water or "range" (which will not dry up in the summer) for his contemplated increase. No rancher in his right mind would dispose of his breeding stock in the fall and expect to raise a record calf crop the following year. Were he to do so he would only be doomed to sheer disappointment, yet this is the course apparently persued by a good many trappers.

When I acquired my "line" in 1933, there were not more than a meagre 100 rats to be had. They were just about as near total extermination as it was possible to be. Today the line yields an annual harvest of better than 1000 pelts. This has been accomplished in two ways; by the use of proper trapping methods, and by the restoration of the natural haunts of these animals through the building of dam where none existed before, and by the restoration of old beaver dams. The rats and the beaver have similar habits, both owing their existence to WATER. The muskrat however, has never learned to conserve water. He will burrow through the dams and release the water which is so vital to his existence, while the beaver is always on guard for any leaks that may occur in his dams and is Johnny-on-the spot to plug the leak. The rats and beaver get along nicely in the same ponds despite this natural difference of behaviour, and often rats and beaver will live in the same house, with the rats regarding the beaver as big brother, and living under the same roof quite unmolested.

The only disadvantage of having muskrat and beaver in the same ponds is that the beaver, through the building of dams that are too high, are liable t oo cause the water to become too deep and thereby drown out the feed for the rats. The grasses upon which the rats feed must not have too much water, whereas it is immaterial to the beaver how much water is in the pond for his food consists of primarily of popular and willow bark and wild lily roots.

Leaving the beaver, about which I do not claim to be an authority, and getting back to the muskrat, I believe that the above outline as to the habits of this fur-bearer (gained through long years of study) if properly made use of, would greatly increase the yearly take of rat pelts throughout the province. The proof is in the pudding, however, whereas the fact that the line which I operate is now producing 15 pelts for every one it could have produced 13 years ago may not constitute adequate "proof" to some, we know that same technique is being used in the largest muskrat marshes in North America, the Louisiana Marshes.

A very large "operator" in these marshes states emphatically that the rats *must* be trapped *BEFORE* and

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River Camp at Night

The river croons a lullaby to hush
the earth to sleep;
One by one the stars come out,
their faithful watch to keep;
The campfire embers slowly die;
the air turns damp and chill;
An owl cries "who?" as if in doubt,
then everything is still
Except the brooding river's song
That lulls the forest all night long.

The hills looms dark against the
night. The pungent scent of Pine
Mingles with the sweet, dank moss
to make the air like wine.
I lie beneath the pale starlight, and
in my heart I feel
That life outside is merely dross
and only this is real.
I listen to the river's song
And rest in peace the whole night
long.

— Peg Deeder

Cariboo Dredging

by Glenville A. Collins

Dragline Dredging in the Cariboo started in 1941 when North American Goldfields Limited N.P.L. established a 4,000 cubic yard per day dredge plant on the Fraser River near Alexander Ferry. This plant operated until closed down by the war, in early 1942 and handled some 200,000 yards of gravel grossing substantial mint returns.

The importance of this plant was the demonstrated ability to handle substantial yardages by mechanical mining and the saving of very fine gold typical of the Fraser River benches at a cost low enough to permit of a profit. It is reliably reported that the overall cost of this operation was 11.8 cents per cubic yard and that 25 cents per yard in gold was recovered.

While this plant was dismantled and the equipment moved on to war work the same company has since duplicated the operation at another location.

At the beginning of the war, one hundred and forty of these dragline floating dredges were operating in California and many others in Montana, Colorado and other states.

This system has many advantages such as:

(1) It can operate on small areas of about 2,000,000 yds. or over.

(2) A crew of about twelve men can handle any size plant up to 7,000 cu. yds. per day.

(3) First cost is only a fraction of the conventional bucket line dredge

(4) Transportation and movability are simple which is a large factor in the Cariboo, where roads and bridges are secondary.

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A DRAGLINE-DREDGE operation at Alexandria. With variations in size and capacity this is a type of equipment that is beginning to really produce results in Cariboo—the author predicts that about 30 such units will be in operation throughout the district within the next two to four years.

FORT St. JAMES

Historic Site of the North

The old Hudson's Bay Co. blockhouse at Fort St. James—still in use.

I have recently returned with my wife and family, during the month of September, in tne year of our Lord 1945, from Fort St. James, the third white settlement in B. C., established 1806. This historic site is little known as far as the average Canadian is concerned; in fact, few people in British Columbia are aware that Fort St. James was the third white settlement in B. C. and, according to the local residents of the Fort, the one-time Capitol of the Province of British Columbia. One hundred thirty-nine years have come and gone since its birth, but the old Fort yet stands, overlooking the scintillating waters of Stuart Lake and reminding the traveller that pioneers made history in this remote spot of the B. C. wilderness, leaving their mark upon our fair Province of the West.

We had always gone southward for a holiday. This time we decided to travel northward and enjoy a camping trip in the great wilderness of the North. We were not disappointed. In fact, we have decided to go northward again next year. Our trip, to Fort St. James, thrilled us beyond our fondest dreams. We were intrigued as we looked upon the old Fort that had been built to ward off Indian attacks. It is reminiscent of earlier days, but it is now used to stable horses. The natives who posed for their pictures were docile enough, but their ancestors may have caused considerable trouble for the factor of this fort. Who can tell? Did you notice that hole, far above the head of the native woman? It wasn't used to view the beautiful sunsets over Stuart Lake—although, I must say that the sunsets over Stuart Lake are gorgeously beautiful; in fact, words cannot describe the beauty of the sunsets which we saw while camping out for one week in this beauty spot of the North. We recorded three sunsets on colored film. I could imagine Indian canoes coming out of the sunsets, bent on errands of peace or destruction. Their chanted songs, keeping time with the movement of their paddles, reached my ears.

However, those days of Indian wars have passed. Fort St. James is now populated with white people and natives. The native population is larger than the white, nevertheless, and reside on Indian reserves. Approximately, two hundred white people live at Fort St. James, but there has been decrease in population since time past. Yet tourists come and go; natives, prospectors, trappers, hunters and fishermen keep the wheels of industry turning slowly. When the mines at Pinchi Lake are again in operation, during the present post-war days, Fort St. James will benefit greatly. The present stalemate will be broken and the wheels of industry and travel will be in operation again, turning faster than in pre-war days.

The Hudson's Bay Company store in Fort St. James, overlooking beautiful Stuart Lake, is a rendezvous for tourists, prospectors, trappers, natives and outdoorsmen in general. (Shotguns were in stock! I give my word of honor!) We delighted ourselves within its walls, buying articles and food—even bananas! The clerks—one young woman's home is Vancouver, B. C.—were very pleasant, informing us that the present store was not adequate to meet all demands, and that another store is in process of erection. We walked over to the location of the new building and could see that it was almost completed. It will be a modern, up-to-date building, compact and attractive to all who are fortunate in visiting the Fort, not to mention the local residents.

One attraction of Stuart Lake, which hits the spot where fishermen are concerned, is the size of the Rainbow trout which can be taken from its waters. Twenty-five pounders have been caught in the lake, giving fishermen the thrill of their lives. I talked with one fly fisherman, who was fishing the Stuart River, and he declared that fifty pounders were in the lake. He may be right. I do not doubt his words. But twenty-five pounders have been landed—genuine tackle busters! Boy, I'll say! Rainbow trout that weigh so heavily are worthy opponents in any man's country. But, when these weighty fish are combined with the beauties of Stuart Lake, here is a combination that is not easily duplicated. Stuart Lake, Trembleur Lake, Takla Lake and Babine Lake produce fish of this size. These lakes are all connected and provide fishing that is fishing. These waters may all be reached from Fort St. James.

Fort St. James is also the gateway to big game country. Big game abounds to the north of the Fort. Moose, deer, bear, caribou and other

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ALL WELL WITH B. C. FUR TRADE ?

by Eric Collier

President, B.C. Registered Trapline Owners Association

In the recent summer issue of Cariboo and Northern Digest there appeared three letters dealing with the very controverial issue of the shooting of Red Squirrel and all three such letters are from Farmers and Homesteaders who raise violent opposition to any suggested measure that the shooting Red Squirrel be prohibited. The general purpose of all three epistles would seem to mislead the reader in to believing that there is a movement afoot to prohibit such Farmer or Homesteader from selling the pelts of Red Squirrel ACTUALY taken upon their own properties. The present body of the B.C. Registered Trappers Association along with other organizations with a weather eye open to the future wild Life Resources of British Columbia HAS petitioned that shooting of Red Squirrel be stopped; it has never to my knowledge attempted to interfere with any Private Property Trapper TRAPPING Red Squirrels upon his own lands. This spring ,the writer journeyed from Kamloops through to Quesnel on the series of Guides Meetings which the B.C. Game Commissioners held at several places throughout the Interior and at every one of such meetings a resolution asking prohibition of the shooting of Red Squirrel, Beaver and Muskrats was passed almost unanimously. For three years now the writer has represented the Registered Trappers Association at the Annual Convention of the Interior, Fish, Forest and Wildlife Protective Association—an organization some two or three thousand strong—and at each such Convention resolutions have been introduced asking total protection of the Red Squirrel. Any attempt to remove the Red Squirrel from the Fur Market, even temporally would mean but one thing: That the many thousands of Red Squirrel taken each year by Trappers in their Mink, Marten and Weazel sets would of necessity have to be thrown away into the snow for no matter what Legislation might be introduced as protection for the Red Squirrel, none can prohibit large numbers from getting caught in a line of some two hundred No. 1 traps. Especially when such traps are set upon trees as a great many of them are. I would like to state here that these many sportsmen—and sportsmen they are in very sense of the word—have at their Conventions treated the viewpoints of the Registered Trapper with a measure of understanding and cooperation for which I personally will ever be grateful and this spring at Clinton where their 1946 Convention was held, all resolutions upon the Agenda dealing with the Red Squirrel were waived in favour of the resolution as submitted by the present body of the Trappers Association—i.e. That all shooting of Red Squirrel, Beaver and Muskrat be prohibited.

Since the pelt of the Red Squirrel gained such favour with the Fur Trade there has become introduced throughout the Province a type of trapper who has no stake a tall in the general welfare of B.C's. wild Life. This type of person has no interest in Trapping nor yet in the future of the Raw Fur Trade and what effect this Provincial wide persecution of the Red Squirrel might have upon the future not only of other fur bearers but also upon other forms of Wild Life does not signify at all. The type of Trapper I have in mind takes out a licence for one purpose and only one: to gun continually for the Red Squirrel day after day from November through toMarch. And if the future of B.C's. Fur trade is left in the hands of this type of Trapper then tis indeed a sad day for that trade.

I note that in her letter to the Cariboo Digest the Secretary of the Narcosli Creek Farmers Institute makes the suggestion—and I quote—that "The Registered Trapper be moved back into the real Fur Country thereby keeping Agricultural Land and Squirrels (Also I presume all other Fur) for the settlers." And what, might I ask of this good woman, does she mean by the real Fur Country If then she means those portions of the Province where there is no Agriculture and no Settlers I fear me that the poor old Registered Trapper—as well as the Fur Trade—must be pushed clean out of the Province altogether; for the past History of the Fur Trade of the entire American Continent is rather weighty evidence that when all Farmers and Settlers are allowed to help themselves to the Fur Bearing wealth at will, such wealth rapidly vanishes. To my somewhat curious line of reasoning Agriculture is Agriculture and its needs should be catered to by the Department of Agrculture; that Fur bearing animals are the concern of the bona fide Registered Trapper and come under the jurisdiction of the B.C. Game Department. It is presumed that the owner of a Registered Trapline takes up such line in the first place in order to conserve and increase the Fur bearing animals thereon; that one who takes up 160 acres of land for Agricultural purposes does so in the belief they can make a living for themselves thereon from Agricultural pursuits. Despite the fact that the present Fur bearing wealth of the Province might easily be trebled in volume, in the Fur

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VETERANS WANT TO BE CITIZENS

by A. M. Bezanson

William James said "The World in peace must find the moral equivalent for war. Lacking that peace is inadequate, lacking that peace produces nostalgia for war."

War is bestial, war is death. war is destruction, war is terrible waste. The men who fight it hate it with a terrible hatred. But afterwards . . . .

Man, and now also women, remember the comradeship, the loyalty, the community of aim and effort, the willingness to sacrifice even life itself.

If while getting reinstated into civilian life, spending their allowances, seeking jobs, or business opportunities, or continuing their schooling they can find neither jobs nor homes; what then?

War supplied all those things.

Can peace do less?

Unemployment allowances and doles won't accomplish it. They do not inspire, they dull.

Business can't wait for government nor government on business for leadership. They must act together with government taking the initiative—as it did in war—until momentum is established. That's the time to speed up, not let down.

Britain is doing it. This is not socialism; it is simple realism. Basically, our situation is vastly different and strongly in favor. We possess one of earth's richest treasure chests under one flag. Probably the richest owned by so few people. We've partially developed a narrow fringe along our southern border and sunk a few shafts in the North. Despite this, Canada never stood so high nor had so many friends and admirers as she has today. But it took a catastrophic war to achieve that result. And we shall soon cancel that out if we fall into befuddlement and develop a dole psychology, with our econmy meanwhile groggy from constant warfare between capital and labor.

This nation was built by initiative harnessed to vision. It's great eras of construction development followed railway extension in new areas. We have been tapping new wealth in the North at many spots by airplane. But even the wealth so tapped needs rail ways connecting it to markets.

Imagine unemployment increasing simultaneously with increasing need for coal, for lumber, for minerals, greater farm production, for homes, for all sorts of consumer goods, for hotels for tourist camps - and always for highways.

Meanwhile, we keep a vast staff on pay-rolls to deal with veterans problems. And, Ottawa informs us that present commitments to veterans will cost us a billion dollars this year.

Veterans don't want to be set apart. They do not seek to become a favored class, an unassimilated wedge in the economic structure. They want to be citizens with a citizen's opportunity for achieving personal satisfaction in doing. In setting up homes rearing families in building a greater Canada.

Our plans for them in aids to education, training for special jobs, rehabilitation allowances, etc., are elaborate enough. But if the net result is to be increased confusion and frustration all our well-intentioned aims will backfire in our faces.

In the semi-wilderness that we Canadians inhabit, opportunities for the government to initiate another era of great expansion followed by needed development are many.

Strange that we found billions for war. That we wasted other billions in destructive doles. That we face, without tremors of fear a billion dollars annual expenditures for pensions and other aids to veterans. That we can loan or give Britain a billion. But, we can't face the fact that in the automoble age we haven't even a trans-Canada highway. A road, yes,passable in fair weather, but no highway, nor few anywhere else. Nor a coast outlet for the Peace River Country. Nor seemingly ,can we in British Columbia make ten percent of our beauty spots and fertile valleys accessible. Hon. Frank Putman, Minister of Agriculture, said recently, "There's room for 150,000 settlers between Ft. St. John and Ft. Nelson north of Peace River Brigde." I could show Mr. Putman another valley up there much larger and richer than that one—with not a settlement in it.

British Columbia should have the P.G.E. completed to the heart of the Peace River country and to the great mineralized areas of the north.

We should develop electric power now wasting in a hundred streams.

Let us sell the P.G.E. to the Americans who for several years wanted to buy it and complete it to Peace River and points north, thus making Peace River coal and other resources accessible. There's enough coal to supply all Western Canada for centuries It waits only for transportation. Open all that country to the coast market and veterans will see the opportunities beckoning, so will thousands of young Americans with pioneer blood, money, and know-how.

The lower McKenzie basin with its vast oil deposits, uranium, it's extensive gold fields, and plentitude of other resources ,is north of Vancouver, not Edmonton. Let us realize that and act upon it. Not to supplant Edmonton which has pioneered Northern development, but to help open our Northern treasure chest and build a greater Canada.

To carry our debt load we must create not constrict, develop not dole. Let us not set veterans apart - nor loggers, nor miners nor industrial workers. Let us rather make acessible

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SELF - HELP

As Practised In The PEACE RIVER

by H. Giles

In these days of government paternalism, social security legislation and all the rest of the talk about cradle to the grave protection is refreshing to look backwards and see how the pioneers managed to get along without the 'handout' that appear necessary now. Whilst admitting that conditions have changed considerably during the forty years that the writer has been a resident of western Canada ,it seems that there is a tendency to throw on to the government many things that should be personal responsibilities. In the early days of the settlement of the Peace River Bloc, as it was then known, the pioneers, believing in the promises of the government leaders and railway officials to give them transportation came hundreds of miles from railhead, broke up their land and brought in livestock. They then tightened their belts and swallowed some more promises. Realizing that they had a country second to none for both grain growing and stock raising these early settlers cleared and broke land and increased their herds

....Eventually the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway (now the Northern Alberta) meandered on north from Edmonton and after a tortuous route reached Spirit River (Alberta) approximately sixty miles from the edge of the settlement in the Bloc. Hopes ran high as the grade was was built form this point towards the B.C. Bloc, only to be dashed when the route was changed. Instead of continuing in a Northwesterly direction to Rolla (B.C.) it turned South towards Grande Prairie, farther from the Block than Spirit River. Why? Ask the politicians and the railway builders; we can only guess.

There were no roads connecting the Block with Spirit River but the abandonded railway grade made winter hauling possible and it was to this point that all surplus grain and livestock had to be either hauled or driven. It is a wonder that any livestock were shipped in those days. It was a four day trip from Rolla or Pouce Coupe to Spirit River. Cattle were usually driven but hogs had to be hauled by sleigh or wagon. There were arrangements made for feeding or watering on the train and it was often three days between loading at Spirit River and unloading Edmonton. Mr. Tom Jamieson, the pioneer cattleman of the Block was speaking to the writer a short time ago about a car load of cattle he shipped in those days. He was in Edmonton when they arrived and said he did not recognize them. They had been three days and two nights on the train when it arrived at Edmonton but as there was no night crew at the E.D. and B.C. yards they did not get to the stock yards until the next morning. After much protesting against this cruelty and the heavy loss suffered by the Shipper and enventually taking up the matter with Railway Commissioners the situation was improved. Now the stock train leaves Dawson Creek every other week, picks up livestock part way and then goes on as a through fast freight. On the alternate week another stock train picks up on the Eastern half of the link. When Spirit River was the end of steel it cost $1.00 per 100 lbs. from the Block to railhead and onther $1.00 per 100 lbs. for the railway journey or over over $4.00 per hog freight. Add to this expense the treamedous shrinkage on a journey as described above and figure up the profit—if any. Livestock raisers did not pay income tax in those days.

Needless to say there was not much competition amongst buyers at railhead so when a farmer had hauled his produce 60 to 100 miles—those living North of the Peace River even farther—in sub zero weather he just took what he could get and purchasked bare necessities at whatever prices he was charged. In those days freight rates were very high and there were no wholesale houses closer than Edmonton. Some haulers brought back a load of supplies for the few local stores thereby getting a pay load return but others just had to bring their own.

In 1921 the Dawson Creek farmers had started a small co-operative retail store on the old townsite Southwest of the present town and all freight was hauled in the winter from railhead their silver anniversary.

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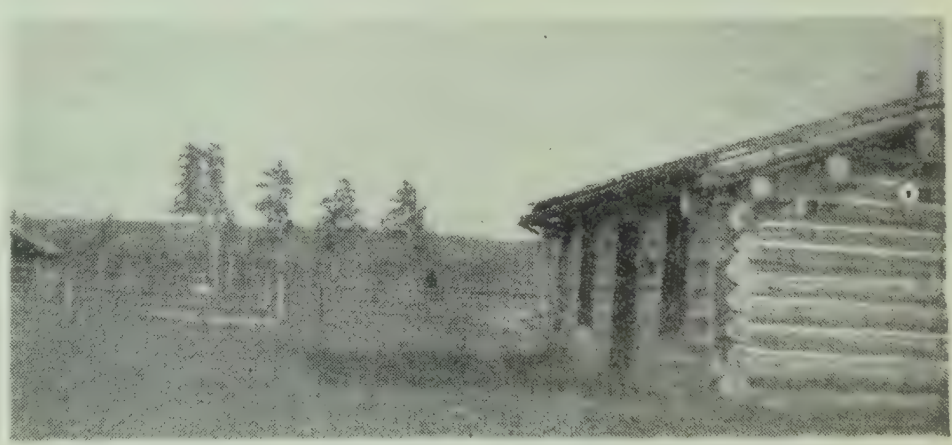

This is believed to be the first homestead in the Peace River Block to be granted patent. It was granted to Thomas Jamieson just prior to enlisting in 1915

FREIGHTING over the CARIBOO ROAD

Still a Hazardous Business

by Jack Pollard

In 1865, as Royal Engineers cut through the last stretch of road to Quesnel and Barkerville, plodding ox-teams and sure-footed mules dragged and packed supplies and equipment into the new gold fields and cattle country. Camels capable of carrying 1,000 pounds were used at one time in freighting through the arid waste lands of the great north. Stories are told of hardships encountered by man and beast along the narrow trail that clung to the face of the canyon wall. Mule teams that crossed chasms on slender bridges of trees suspended like ropes between perpendicular walls of rock. Camels that smelled so badly mules, horses and bull teams stampeded, and the hump-backed ruminants were discarded.

Transportation was so difficult freight charges were one dollar a pound from Yale to the Forks of Quesnel. Cost of taking in supplies and equipment was so high the country became known as the "Rich Man's Field" and progress of the interior came to a standstill. Poor prospectors existed on meat of the caribou, which roamed the country in great herds, and because of this they named the country "Cariboo."

The river as a means of transportation to the interior had been tried without success. Hundreds of men lost their lives in the mad rush attempting to push their canoes, or raft their way up stream. A few successfully reached gold-bearing sand-bars to the north but lost their lives when they strapped heavy bags of precious metal to their backs and tried to shoot the rapids on the way out.

Completion of the road in 1866 supplanted mule teams with high freight wagons, and six-horse stages with outriders and devil-may-care drivers cracking long whips over the backs of lathered, plunging horses. Cost of transportation was cut in two and the whole country boomed ahead. Finally the railway smoothed out traveling to the Cariboo as far as Quesnel. Now in 1946 a dozen truck lines roar their way up the canyon highway, carrying tons of freight along a road that is almost entirely paved or surfaced. In sixteen hours they travel as far as the six-horse stage would go in as many days.

Swift advances in automotive engineering and determined efforts of a few pioneering truck drivers who worked day and night, eating and sleeping behind the wheel, to establish faster transportation to mining camps and small towns of the interior, have made motor freighting big business in British Columbia.

Gone are the lazy freight masters with 16 to 40 mules worming their way along the canyon trail. Today's freight boss must be a wide-awake business man with reliable drivers whom he can trust with cargoes and equipment worth thousands of dollars. Natural hazards are still great and financial pit-falls are tenfold.

On a round trip of 1,000 miles from Vancouver to the Cariboo or Okanagan the freighter's expenses average $200 to $250. His truck costs $3,000 to $4,000 and is good for eighteen months, when it is traded in for about half its original cost. Two hundred gallons of gasoline are needed. Drivers average $40 a trip. Annual public freight carriers licenses cost $12 per ton of the carrying capacity of the truck. Highway tolls average $25 for a round trip and six of the best heavy duty bus tires, costing $100 each, last only six months. Besides this, the freighter has oil, lubrication and repair bills to meet and insurance on loads being carried. Many other expenses have to be paid on loads averaging less than eight tons and he must show proof of public necessity and convenience before his license is issued. He must guarantee to maintain service on schedule and give notice to the government highway board and customers when failing to do so, otherwise his license may be cancelled.

In ye goode olde days — Today you can whizz by this same spot at 40 m.p.h.

Many small out-of-the-way communities of the interior depend on truck transportation and derive great benefit from it. More fruit and perishable foods are consumed by these centres than ever before. Several tons of ice cream and novelties are shipped each week

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DIARY OF
AN ALASKA HIGHWAY JOURNEY TO WHITEHORSE

by Judge E. D. Woodbarn

FOREWORD:—

In June of 1944, while I was holding Court in the Peace River country at the south end of the Alaska Highway, a person was arrested at Lower Post, charged with an indictable offence.

Lower Post is a small trading post on the Liard River, at the Yukon border, on the route of the Alaska Highway, but just within Prince Rupert County.

In the ordinary course of events, accused, police escort, witnesses, and a large number of bulky and heavy exhibits would have been taken down the Highway to railhead of the Northern Alberta Railway, and thence via Edmonton to Prince Rupert, for the trial, and at least some of the foregoing would have had to be brought back again, making a round trip of over 4,000 miles.

To save the taxpayers of this Province this terrific expense, by arrangement with His Honour Judge W. E. Fisher, of Prince Rupert, I took this trial for him at and near Lower Post.

Two police cars bearing accused (who had been brought down as far as Pouce Coupe), police officers, clerk of the peace, Crown and defence counsel and myself proceeded up the Highway. The ensuing trial constituted British Columbia's most northerly sitting of County Court. When the trial was over, some of us visited Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, where we spent a short time.

When Mr. Alex Sahonovitch, the editor of this journal, was in Prince George recently, he saw my diary entries covering this trip. and asked permission to publish them. As the material covered may be of interest to the readers of the "Cariboo Digest," I was glad to grant this permission.

E.D.W.

Wednesday, June 21st. A beautiful, clear, bright sunny day. We had intended to leave at 8:30 a.m., but several things delayed us. It was 9:25 a.m. before we left Pouce Coupe and started down the road to Dawson Creek. There we picked up van Roggen (M. A. van Roggen, defence counsel), bought some oranges, etc., and got further delayed getting clearances at the Traffic Control barrier, which we finally passed at 10:10 a.m.

In the Pontiac, besides Mansell (Sub. Insp. Hubert Mansell, B.C. Police, Pouce Coupe) and myself, were Morrell (M. S. Morrell, Court Registrar and Goverment Agent at Pouce Coupe, whom we had had appointed by Order in Council a Clerk of the Peace for Prince Rupert County for the purpose of this trial) and van Roggen. In the Dodge, driven by Const. Len Faryon, were Walter Clayton (of Pouce Coupe, Crown counsel), also the accused.

We lunched at the Condill Cafe at Fort St. John, and went on from there at 12:15, through a long stretch of spruce past Charlie Lake, passing the Blueberry Traffic Control Point about 2:15 p.m. The road mileage numbering has been changed to read straight through from Dawson Creek now, instead of in sections from Dawson Creek to Fort St. John, Fort St. John to Fort Nelson, etc., etc. For instance, the old J53 would now be Mile 100. The change over in numbering was not complete when we went over the road this time, which made things a bit confusing. Distances on the old map were hard to read, because of the changes in the highway, many curves being eliminated and long stretches straightened.

Nearing the Blueberry T.C.P., the clear skies clouded over and we ran into heavy rain. We ran out of this as we climbed the steep hill and out onto the long stretches of open country through which the road winds on its way to the Blueberry River, which, for some reason or other, is some 20 odd miles past the Blueberry T.C.P.

There is a long, new stretch of the Highway crossing Beaton River, which is actually a little creek traversing a very wide, open valley. There is an Air Landing Strip to the right of the road.

New work on the Highway has cut out the famed "Suicide Hill," and we bypassed the latter on our right, the road here running over a great plain through shallow muskeg, drained by deep ditches on both sides of the road. We passed Pink Mountain to our left, a long, rolling hill against the western sky, crossed the Sikanni Chief River over the fine new bridge, up the long, long hill on the north side of the river, and past the Camp near the summit. Here we ran into the first signs of the fires of this summer and last, and saw much damaged timberland at intervals from here north. In places the fires were still smoking.

We crossed the Buckinghorse—a little creek in a wide open valley, the little permanent bridge, the creek and the valley all being similar to the Beaton.

Around Mile 185 (that is to say, 135 miles from Dawson Creek), we climbed up onto a high ridge with

Peace River Bridge between Fort St. John and Dawson Creek on the Alaska Highway

a fine view, along which we drove for many miles. From it, we saw Klingzut Mountain, a long, rolling hill to the left, similar to Pink Mountain.

About 5:30 p.m. we arrived at Trutch T.C.P. and U.S.E.D. (U.S. Engineering Dept.) Camp, where we had a dandy big meal for 50 cents apiece. I got a snap of the fellows coming up from the cars to dinner. It is over 3,000 feet high here, and there was a cold wind blowing over this exposed perch.

On again at 6:25 and down off the ridge about Mile 224—the old J174. For sometime after this the road was very twisty. As it was explained to us, the work of straightening out the bad stretches was nearing completion when the order came to cease work. Some firms were finished when the order came, others were behind, and it seems a shame to see nice, long stretches running beside us uncompleted, while we pass along areas which are all twists and bends. Most of it is good, though. Actually, I find there were practically two Alaska Highways built,—the one over which I drove last year, and this. Last year's was a cow trail in comparison with this beautiful, well graded gravel road, wide enough for three lanes of traffic almost all the way.

At Mile 224 we passed another landing strip. From this neighborhood we got our first view of the Prophet River, which below us to the west parallels the Highway almost all the way to Fort Nelson. My friend, Colonel Lane, then O.C., U.S. Forces on the Highway, travelled 100 miles down the Prophet by boat last year.

Here we ran onto newly straightened road again, noting particularly long stretches around Mile 236. At Mile 250 we were into low country, with very heavy timber, a winding road with bad curves. One of these we noted was called "Bender's Bend."

We noted that save for a very occasional U.S. Army camp, the only camps left on the road are U.S.E.D. maintenance camps, and these are many miles apart. Fine construction camps stand deserted, with roofs caving in and tarpaper flying.

Finally we came to the Muskwa River Bridge. This bridge is quite long and seems absurdly high to bridge the comparatively small river we saw below us, but a glance at the trees around shows the watermark over ten feet above their roots, where high water has reached when the river was in flood.

W had figured on getting accommodation overnight at the Fort Nelson Airport and drove out the eight miles east along a branch road to the latter, passing high radio beam and signal station masts en route, but we found the Airport was crowded out and we were advised to go back to the U.S.E.D. Camp at N8. (The new mileage system does not seem to have

Construction under way at Fort St. John, B.C.

Along the Alaska Highway

caught up with them here yet.) One cannot see the old Hudson's Bay Trading Post from the Airport. I wish we had had time to visit it. There is some fine timber around here.

Back we went onto the main Highway, driving in the twilight in a drizzling rain, past the big Army Camp at N. Zero, where Colonel Hollingsworth and I spent the night last year.

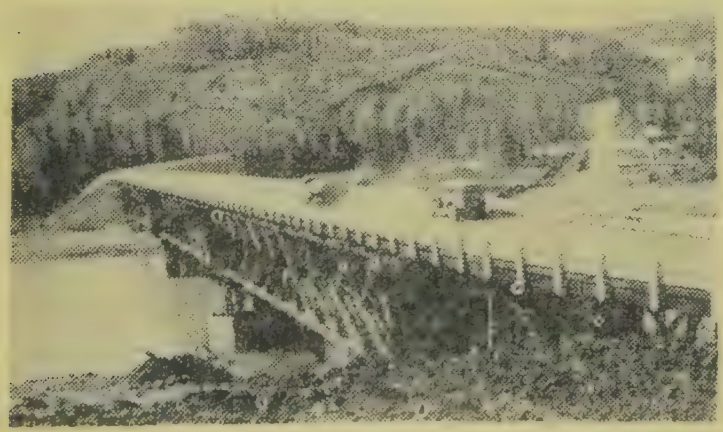
At N8 we met Mr. Fox, the Camp Superintendent, who installed our party of seven in the big log buildings, each with a cubicle to himself, and we spent a comfortable night. There was a super-terrific odor in the cabin where Mansell and I stayed, but this was coming from an enormous cheese which had got over-ripe and had been salvaged from an Army scrap pile by some of the camp personnel, who were having a glorious feed on it and crackers. And very good it was, too, as we found out when we were invited to try it! The Canadian Bank of Commerce has a branch here at this little outpost in the woods, and we met Mr. Reeves, the manager.

Thursday, June 22nd. Up for a good breakfast, after which Morrell and I paid a visit to the big U.S. Arm hospital here. A large, well-built log structure, — hear it cost $125,000,—but there were only two or three patients in it, and a staff now consisting of one doctor, two nurses, and three soldiers. A sergeant showed us over. It has all the latest equipment.

Weather cool and drizzly when we left at 10:10 a.m. Watson Lake lies somewhat north of west of Fort Nelson, and we drove west through miles of heavy timber. The bulldozers have pushed the brush to the sides and left it there. Much of this part of the road is over muskeg, where they scooped out the muck to a depth of around fourteen feet to solid ice, which they corduroyed and covered with solid gravel, and it seems to hold up well. A cute black bear cub was watching us from one of the upturned stumps at the side of the road. Enormous ravens are everywhere in this northland. Spruce and poplar alternate, bad burns through same.

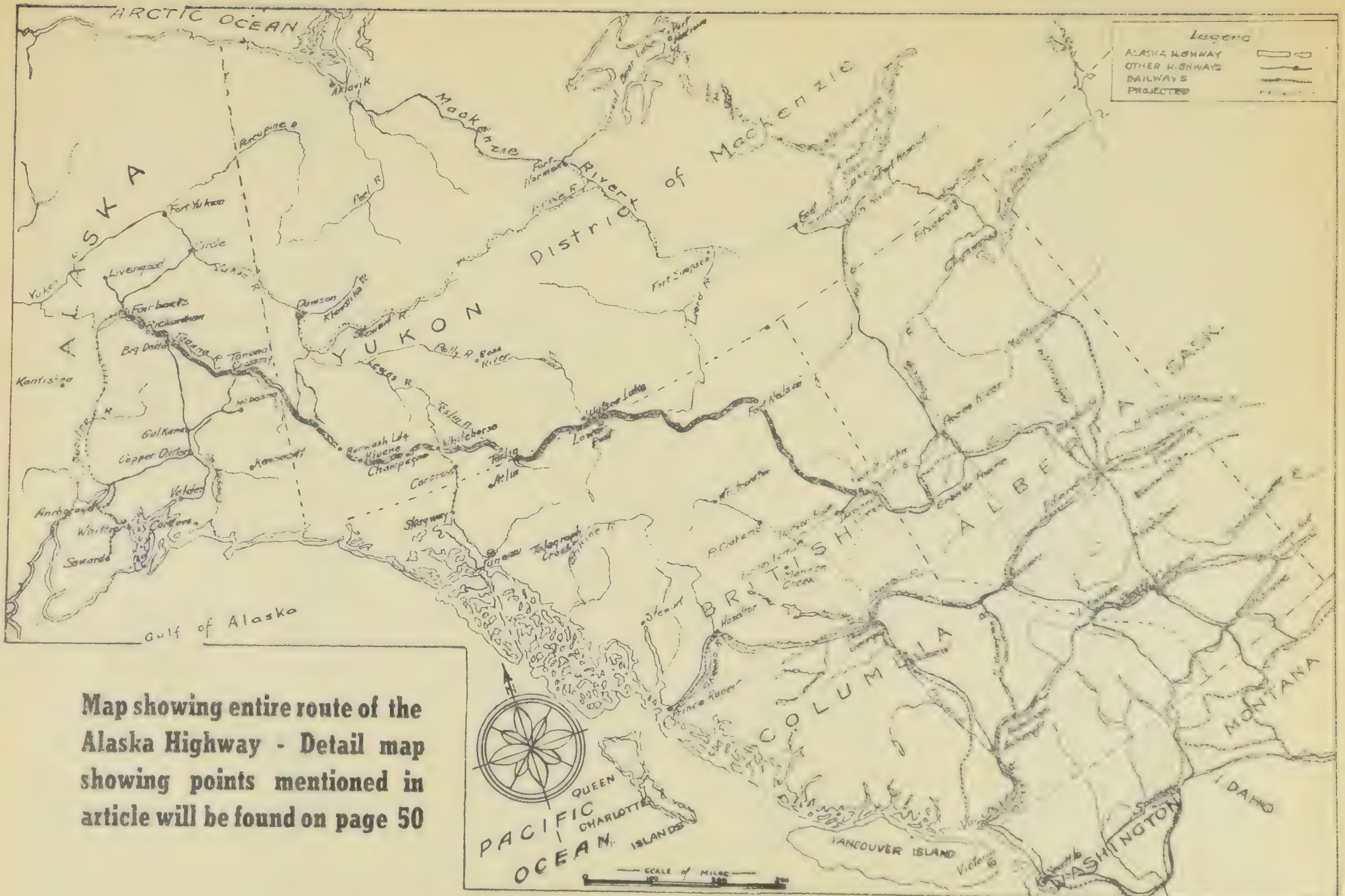
Over Raspberry Creek, a little creek with a good permanent bridge. Lots of fine new road construction here, higher and wider than the old road.

At 11 a.m. took a snapshot of the new bridge over the Kledo River. Rain stopped, but still raw. Crossed Steamboat Creek, very similar to Raspberry. We were intrigued by the slippery shale filling along here. About the only part of the Highway which is greasy when wet, although it looks deceptively good. (The reader should remember that road filling sometimes had to be brought long distances when the road was being built. I have been told of side roads forty miles long over which gravel had to be hauled in some places.)



Bridge over Sikanni Chief River

STEAMBOAT MOUNTAIN



Map showing entire route of the Alaska Highway - Detail map showing points mentioned in article will be found on page 50

Hudson Bay's Lower Post, Northern B.C.

On the Alaska Highway, approaching Teslin Lake.

In the neighborhood of Mile 349 (back to the new system again, and meaning 349 miles from Dawson Creek and probably around forty from Fort Nelson), we began to get into hilly country, climbing all the time. I was looking forward to showing Steamboat Mountain, a very conspicuous landmark around Mile 350, to those who had not taken this trip before, but we ran into dense fog. We had a long wait here for Faryon's car, which had been delayed.

At Mill Creek (Mile 363), clear of the fog, we came down on a wide, open valley, completely fire-swept, although the trees appeared to us small and of no commercial value. A long stretch of beautiful road, running right through the muskeg, with deep drainage ditches on either side. I heard Mansell and Morrell discussing what they seemed to think were good farming and settlement possibilities around here, —as also at many points along yesterday's road to Fort Nelson from Dawson Creek. We commented on how well the road was marked with road signs for curves, hills, etc., etc.

Around Mile 368 we came in sight of the Tetsa River, and ran alongside it for many miles, crossing and recrossing same four times over good steel bridges. We stopped for lunch at Mile 375, the old Caswell Construction Camp. The big garage here was burned down last winter.

We continued out journey after a good lunch. We particularly noted the fine, swift, clear water in the Tetsa, and it looked as if it might be a wonderful trout stream.

And so to Summit Lake, but it was foggy again and we did not get much of a view of either the lake or the big cone of a mountain behind same. Comment was made in our car on the particularly fine road construction along these parts, including considerable rock work.

On we drove, and at length came on one of nature's most beautiful sights. We were into the northern part of the Rockies here, and through a high pass, the road carved out of the hillside, we beheld a glorious view — the McDonald River and its valley spread below us, far down under. To cut out this road where it turns down out of the pass and along the river called for a blast of explosive which blew out thousands of tons of rock

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TRAIL TRANSPORT

A. TRAIL

Contract Trucking to any point

on the Alaska Highway

Dawson Creek, B.C.

MOSES

By Agnes Neave.

When we came to live here at Francois Lake, a few years ago, we thought how jolly it would be to have a nice quiet pony for young Peter to ride to school and to hitch to the cart which was behind the barn.

The folks down the road offered us a docile-looking little pinto who rejoiced, we hope, with the name of Moses. He was so named because he was so hard to catch. (Shades of Pharoah!) Moses looked a bit coy when his owner admitted that he wasn't young; in fact, old-timers figured that he was well over thirty-five. When we came to discussing his character, Moses' expression became positively angelic. (He knew that we had good hay and oats here because he'd been in sampling them several times when our gate had been left open.) We brought him home.

Little did we know then that we'd not only bought a museum piece but a box of tricks as well. Neighbors began sympathizing with us, and telling us of Moses' hectic past. Almost every man in the district had owned him at some time. Some kept him for a few months, others for years. He had smashed more harness, more implements, and more vehicles than any other horse from Wistaria to Burns Lake, and I'm not sure if he hadn't a few broken hearts to his credit as well.

In the early days, Jack Hughes, who had only one arm, drove four pinto ponies on the first mail stage to Ootsa Lake. Moses was one of them, and I can imagine the fun he got out of it, and what a picture those four ponies made as they raced down that straight trail into Ootsa Settlement. How Hughes handled those four with one arm I do not know, because I'd have thought that Moses alone needed

MOSES - the horse that never grew up

two good strong ones to keep him in order.

John Keefe, who owned the hotel at Southbank, bought Moses from Jack Hughes. Not long after, an excited policeman rushed into the hotel from the Ferry and demanded the use of a saddle horse at once. Moses was the only horse in the stables right then, but John didn't want to loan him, as he knew from experience what would probably happen. But the officer was so demanding that Moses was saddled and brought to the front of the hotel. Those who were watching are not sure whether Moses let his intended rider get seated or whether he dodged first; but, anyhow, the officer was on the ground in no time, in a rather undignified position and a not very tractable frame of mind. Moses at that time was developing a clever little skip-and-jump sideways just when his rider was feeling for the saddle, which became a fine art in his later years.

To tell of all his escapades would take pages and pages, so I'll skip them and tell how we got along with him. I think that we made our big mistake in supposing that he was now old and had left childish things behind him. He certainly hadn't.

First of all we hitched him up to the cart, my husband and I, and scrambled up into the seat. Off we went at a spanking trot down the road by the lake, past the J-P Ranch, and to a gate leading into a deserted farmyard and house. There Moses stopped short, in a very businesslike way. We couldn't budge him. We got out, tried to lead him, and we tried to back him, but no good. Would he turn round, then? Would he, though! He pretty nearly left us both there on the road, but not quite. He was going home, and we could jolly well walk. My husband held his head and I clambered onto the seat and grabbed the lines. Very well, then, one of us could ride and the other walk, seeing as one was settled in the cart. And this was the sort of thing he really enjoyed and understood. He snorted and sidled back and reared, snatched at the lines, and really had fun. Between all this my husband did manage to scramble up, and we let Moses have his way. He might have a thirty-five-year-old body, by Jimminy, but his heart was still young, and he surely gave us a merry ride home.

Then came a period when his behaviour was excellent. All he had to do was to carry Peter back and forth to school, and this sort of life suited him down to the ground. There was lots to eat and little to do, and he grew really fat.

After the summer holidays Peter had quite a batch of books to take to school and he decided to drive Moses in the cart and take Josie and her books along too. Everything went of well enough, but the school gate was closed. One of the other pupils ran down to open the gate, but Moses didn't want to wait, so he started backing down a rather steep bank to the lake. He hadn't bargained on the bank, so he lost his footing and went down on his side, tipping the cart over too. Josie fell under Moses and Peter under the cart. Just how this happened we never could imagine. Several of the pupils were looking out of the school windows, and of

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CHILCO: Home of the Salmonidae*

by James Kew

One hundred and fifty miles west and south of Williams Lake, in the main headwaters of the Chilcoten River, is located probably the greatest spawning grounds of the entire Fraser River system. Not only does this area, the upper portion of Chilco River and Chilco Lake, produce the bulk of the sockeye migration to the Fraser for at least two years of the four-year cycle but this same area is a centre of propagation for the sea-run Steelhead trout, Spring salmon, Kamloops trout, Dolly Varden, Great Lakes trout and Rocky Mountain whitefish. It may be said that spawning takes place of some species of edible or commercial fish during every month of the season that these waters are ice free.

On the lower portion of the beds frequented by the great Spring salmon and Steelhead spawners, the river bottom is ridged into a series of riffles or bars, the tops of which protrude at low-water levels, breaking off to depths of six to ten feet or more between ridges. These riffles are the result of centuries of annual spawning activity of these fish in their efforts to deposit their eggs as deep as possible into the porous gravels. The ridges, incidentally, provide an ideal crossing or ford for the local Indians in their travels by horse to and from their Reserve in the remote Nemaia Valley. It is tricky crossing for those unfamiliar with the variations in depths of the bottom.

It is from this ford upstream to the lake that the great sockeye seeding occurs, in depths of water averaging about five feet. Commencing to arrive in mid-August, these fish have already assumed the typical deep-red coloration of the spawning stage, the head only retaining the natural green. As the season advances, these beautiful fish continue to arrive in increasing numbers until what appears to be a red blanket spreads itself over the entire bottom of the wide river. In fact, in the "heavy" brood years a large number pass on through to spawn on the many seepage-flow beaches for miles up into the lake.

A great many of these fish are dead or dying, having completed their life cycle and the reproductive process, while still more sockeye are arriving, and late in the season the shore line is packed with shoals of carcasses. When one realizes that on a "heavy" year between eight and nine hundred tons of sockeye alone die and disintegrate here, it is to marvel and wonder at Nature's great waste in all this.

Fishery Guardion Harvey looks over "spent" Sockeye on Beach of Chilco River

In the following spring, emerging from the protection of the clean gravel nests, the tiny free-swimming fish commence their upstream migration into Chilco Lake. Similar in shore-line movement to the parent salmon, their progeny hug the beaches for an entirely different reason. Whereas the adult salmon travel close to the banks of a stream for the easier movement provided by the slack current and back eddies, thus conserving their energies for reproduction, the fry seek the shelter of the shallows close in-

View on Chilco Lake about ten miles from the outlet

*Family of fishes referred to in article.

shore to escape the hordes of predatory fish always ready and waiting for an opportunity to feast on them. A close observation along either shore-line of the three-mile streach of river below the lake will reveal a continuous stream of tiny salmon, little more than an inch in length, slowly moving upstream into Chilco Lake, the migration period lasting many weeks of the spring months. In order to fully appreciate the size of this mass movement of tiny fish, the writer gives you a conservative estimate of the sockeye fry produced in 1944 on the Chilco beds as over five hundred million, assuming a loss of thirty-five per cent. Reaching the deep waters of the lake, there the fry remain, feeding on the minute plankton organisms until the following spring, when the survivors of this first year of life begin their sea-ward migration as well-proportioned fingerlings. After reaching the sea, it is only about two years before they begin the long return trek, then in full maturity.

The great abundance of fish food resulting from all this steady reproduction attracts sport fish in large numbers and during most of the season in this vicinity the Kamloops trout fishing is superb and many a five-pounder is taken on a fly or troll. Other edible fish, such as the Dolly Varden abound and for anyone wishing for good sport, there is a comfortable fishing and hunting camp located at the lake front, with ample accommodation in boats or cabins.

Great open cattle ranges of Chilcotin district

Owing to the peculiar nature of the elevations of Chilco Lake and its tributaries in relation to Tat layoko Lake in the next mountain valley to the west, there was a tentative plan at one time to create a giant hydro-electric power project on the Homathko River, which drains into Bute Inlet. The Dominion Water Board still maintains a water gauge below Chilco Lake and reserves the land adjacent to the outlet for such a purpose . It was planned to establish a great storage dam here, bringing the water by way of Choelquoit (Eagle) Lake to Tatlayoko Valley. Such a project, of course, would be the utter ruination of this area as a spawning grounds. However, it is now unlikely that such a development will occur, inasmuch as there are so many other sources of hydro-electric energy as yet untouched in the province.

It is by Chilco Lake that anyone wishing to penetrate into the heart of the Coast Range finds the easiest route; by water for approximately fifty miles. Much of the territory from the head of the lake southward is unmapped and unexplored; high and extremely rugged, with great snow-fields, hidden lakes and ice-filled Alpine basins. Here is a hunter's dream country, with big-horn sheep, goat, moose, deer and bear in abundance, and with proper arrangements you may hunt in comfort from saddle or boat. The upper portion of Chilco Lake has scenery of unsurpassable beauty and grandeur, its blue-green waters curving through a narrow valley between peaks of ten thousand feet and more.

It is unfortunate that, at present, to reach this marvellous terrain, with its vast opportunities for outdoor photography, hunting, fishing or study of fish and wild life, you must travel over a most unlovely section of Cariboo on an extremely rough road. Leaving the main Chilcoten road at Redstone, a steep

Concluded on next page

The author on Chilco Lake

CHILCO: HOME OF THE SALMONIDAE*

Continued from page 33

Climb is made to the top of the Cariboo plateau, thence on through a lonely stretch of barren, rocky land, sparsely covered with second-growth jack-pine. Until Choelquoit Lake is reached, ten miles distant from Chilco, this district apparently has absolutely no redeeming feature of beauty or usefulness; in truth, a fearsome country to be left afoot or lost in. On reaching Choelquoit Lake, however, the traveller's spirits are raised somewhat by his first view of the mighty Coast or Cascade Mountains across miles of open range land bordering this pretty lake. If the sun happens to be low in the west when one reaches this point in his journey, there is a treat in store in a scene of superlative coloring, and you are well repaid for the monotony of the miles of desolate landscape just pased.

It is from here also that the sugar-loaf contour of Mount Tulin shows to the south, marking the gap of the great Chilco watershed with its wealth of wild life and the source of a large part of this country's salmon supply. The reader can be assured that a trip to this interesting section of the Cariboo is something worth-while and if the weather is fair, keep travelling on to the inner fastnesess of this great valley. On a clear autumn day, to see the solid blue ice gleaming on the sharp spirt of Mount Good Hope will mean a determination to be an annual visitor to this fascinating wilderness.

MOSES

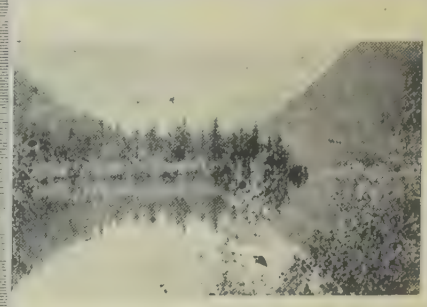
continued from page 31

course a little excitement like this never comes amiss, so they dived out of the school door, letting it bang after each one. There happened to be a nest of hornets above the door, with a thriving colony of them. The excitement was too much for them, and they dug right in, too. The teacher was stung twice, and all the children several times, so the school was closed for the rest of the day. The secretary spent the afternoon with a fly spray and the hornets. Moses rambled about in the pasture.

He's living yet, but not with us. Fred Gardner is keeping him, "Just to see how long the old rascal will live." Only yesterday I saw Moses towing a youngster on skis up the road. He is well and happy, thank you. (Someone left our gate open last night and he spent the night at our haystack.)

It will be a sad day for this countryside when Moses passes on, for he is a link with the good old days. Although his behaviour wasn't exemplary, he has surely had fun, and those who have owned him have found him a tireless worker, and I'm sure that all were fond of the little rascal.

I cannot finish this story of Moses for you, and I have a feeling that he has still more up his sleeve. I feel that he'll not die quietly and respectably in the stable. It's more likely that he will go off on a skiing trip, run away and break his neck. But I'll remember to let you know.



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From The Forgotten Land of Cariboo

by JOHN HARGREAVES

We hear a lot these days about Peace River coal, Peace River wheat, and other wonderful things in that great district—good luck to them!

But, here is a vision of the Cariboo, and the P.G.E. Railway, a few years hence when the boys come home and we begin to expand and develop our own country.

For instance, in the Horsefly Lake area there are hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of cedar poles. Sixty-five thousand of these would fill a thousand flat cars annually, meaning to the P.G.E. two hundred and sixty thousand dollars annually. And as yet, in the past twenty-five years, less than a dozen cars have been shipped. In comparison, this alone would bring in four times as much revenue as the entire cattle shipped out of the Cariboo.

The present road to Horsefly, about fifty miles from the railway, is not much better than a cow trail.

Quesnel Lake, with its one hundred and fifty miles of shore line, has poles, timber and metal resources, entirely unknown and untouched. But never yet in all its existence has the P.G.E. taken a carload of freight from this great region.

All it needs is a good road, about sixty miles long, the present road being quite inadequate.

Canim Lake, Mahood Lake, Cariboo Lake, Chilco Lake, Tatla Lake, and many others, with their hundreds of miles of shore line, equivalent to a branch line of a railway, once they are tapped by a highway, have untold virgin wealth in timber and minerals, and who knows what else, are at present quite inaccessible to the railway, from a point of view of tonnage.

Just think what the Bridge River hydro development is going to mean to the Lillooet section of the railway; but just think, also, what the hydro development of the Quesnel River would mean to the Cariboo. At Quesnel there is a large deposit of high-grade pottery clay and infusorial earth. Low-grade coal we know is in abundance at Australian and other places up the Fraser River. Bralorne and Pioneer will not be the only mines in the Bridge River, any more than Cariboo Quartz and Island Mountain will be in the Barkerville and Wells area. We hear of rich prospects in the Whitewater Mountains; and the Cariboo Lake area is hardly touched.

And so I could go on, for I know this country well, and truly there is a heritage of wealth, surpassed by no other part of British Columbia, waiting to be gathered. Remember for a moment that Cariboo is almost as large as Norway, with their nearly three million people. Yet, in this whole district, we have only four thousand, one hundred and ninety names registered, and probably half of those are either dead or gone.

In the past the wise men of the P.G.E. seemed to have concentrated on colonization of arable lands contiguous to the railway line as being the only source of edevelopment and revenue. Hence, there has been very little done, very few settlers, and very little revenue, as this Cariboo, from an agricultural standpoint is definitely a range cattle country, except perhaps for a few scattered mixed farms along the upper Fraser and a small amount of dairying in a few favored spots.

So, when the boys come home, let us use some of that two and a half billion dollars that we have been so readily collecting in Victory Loans, for the destruction of our enemies. Call them Peace Loans, if you like, but spend some of it in the Cariboo, to build real hard-surfaced highways, east and west of the P.G.E. Open up our country, make homes possible for thousands of healthy virile families, and enrich ourselves by bringing our own natural resources into being. Courage, vision, confidence, and enterprise is what we proved we had in War; let us make use of them in Peace.

Finally, and speaking personally, I believe the P.G.E. should remain the property of the people of British Columbia. True, there have been many blunders and mistakes, and much extravagance and waste in the past. But, in view of the perspective, I reiterate my belief that now is the time to hold fast.

The Socialists are continually knocking at the door for state-owned public utilities. We own the P..E. Let us keep it and operate with our own sons and daughters. We must never go gack to the bread line of ten short years ago.

Let us finish it by all means to Vancouver, Prince George and Peace River, and then on, but let us also add to the present board of determination, non political if possible, from each of the districts through which it runs — Lillooet, Cariboo, Prince George, and Peace River.

Then, watch us grow!

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Letters to the Editor

continued from page 4

and I had to keep bailing our rowboats every few minutes. One at Bowron Lake leaked slowly.

At One Eye Lake, Kleena Kleene, the only available rowboat (launch, as at Likely, was out of order) leaked four inches of water in 45 minutes, I caught cold from continual wet feet and trouser bottoms.

At Clearwater lake the rowboat had only one oarlock, a looped rope answered for the other, and the boat leaked badly,—thus they go . . .

I never met more friendly people, or been served more appetising, wholesome, though often necessarily plain, food than all but the Canim Lake one served. But the lodge owners are, I believe, overlooking a valuable asset, namely—Fishermen. Many depend entirely on the hunters in season who can afford to pay a great deal more than trout fishing costs.

True, I've found few lodges turning away fishermen, and again I know many who bring their own boats and outboard motors; but also numerous lodges have empty cabins which might be filled and bring in revenue from satisfied patrons, had they clean, non-leakng rowboats. It's their problem, not mine, I'll admit. I wish them all well.

Sincerely,
Joseph Patterson,
Pittsburg, Pa., & Los Angeles, Calf.

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PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

Rambling with the Editor

continued from page 5

around the depot like horses used to in the old days (it was train de with names such a 'Ochiltree', D Creek', etc. painted on their de There was a goodly amount of bui ing being 'held up' due to the u shortages of nails, lumber, windo plumbing, cement, electrical fixt and of course the lack of manpow

The new addition to McKen store however, is well under way looks as though it well be ready fore snow flies, while "Tony" Wo land managed to beat the gun in gard to shortages and now has jewelry business safely ensconed a new and attractive building next the Bank of Commerce. From To we learned of the new Recrea Centre that is being planned for town as a War Memorial. It is cost $25,000 and will lack nothing The architects drawing looks ex lent and the towns people will c ainly be able to hold their he high, upon its completion, secure the knowledge that nothing could more fitting. We dropped in to 'hello' to Benjamin 'Benny' Ab genial and 'Gary-Cooperish' pro etor of the Maple Leaf Hotel, became a 'convert' to NORTHER B.C. about a year ago when he t over the hotel after inhaling smoke for best part of his thirty

Continued on next page

Rambling with the Editor

continued from page 39

odd years. He is now more than ever, a 'true-believer', in Cariboo and its future. From 'Benny' I learned that the tourist business was tops, and that new accommodation, in the form of resorts was going up everywhere, and that several down-at-the-heel lodges were being taken over by Americans who were leaving no stone unturned to provide everything that tourists and hunters wish for. Upon leaving we twigged him about the lack of a cement side walk in front of his premises (A year ago he'd bet me $ . . .against a plugged nickel that he'd have one in by fall) but apparently the man-power shortage was no easier on him than anyone else.

From Jack Smedley (the Lake's most ardent—and successful fisherman) we learned that the spring fishing has been most excellent.

During the summer months Jack manages to resist temptation to a certain extent—for at least half the summer he resists the urge to go fishing and stays in the store wistfully dishing out fihing tackle to tourists bound for the lakes and streams. His father however (just as ardent a fan as Jack) abandoned every last pretense and is now conducting a fishing camp on Stuart Lake. "Its just an excuse," said Jack' "for him to be out fishing every day, all day, all week—all summer."

Before leaving we found out that there was a dire shortage among other things, of garage mechanics, and of waitresses in particular; had in fact been instructed by one party to 'pick up a few' down the line. The request was no different than dozens of others which people have made from time to time thinking that shortages are only local, only this fellow had given my wife a sly wink when he made it and that set her to thinking, and that was . . . . well you know how it is . . . . .As we drove off to Rose Lake Lodge (about which we'd heard a great deal) I was pondering upon the lot of the travelling man, all the bum jokes, and the bum cartoons; the missunderstanding, when my daughter let out a shriek and virtually commanded me to stop the car. I had apparently passed a 'dear little calf' which she decided to have in lieu of a puppy we had promised her. When we had finally persuaded her that there was no room in the car for a (100 pound) calf, "no, not even on top of the suitcase in the corner of the back seat", we were driving through the gateway of the lodge.

What was once a lonely two story ranchers abode, set a hundred yards or so back from the lake (when I was here 8 years ago) was now trans formed into a modern (Cariboo) lodge, replete even to archery facillities. The ranchhouse had been fully modernized inside and an addition was being constructed to house a club-room that was going to leave nothing to be desired. The grounds around the large building had been cleared down to the lake, but enough trees had been left to provide adequate shade for the many nicely constructed log cabins scattered here and there (not too close together) each however being equipped with "spring-filled mattreses and having full plumbing including hot and cold water. We learned from the proprietor, Mr. H. Hunison, that horses, were available, and that boats ranging from canoes to inboard power boats, all in first class shape were down at the lakeshore, also that guides were to be available for the fall hunters and that two or three evenings a week they had a little get-to-gether down on the lakeshore, where everybody swapped yarns (presumably about the big one that got away), sang songs to the accompanyment of a guitar, mouth organ, or whatever musical accomplishments were available, roasted weiners and drank smoke-tinged coffee, cooked over the campfire and generally enjoyed themselves. It sounded good, so good we nearly stayed, but managed to tear ourselves away from the idea and were almost to the car when we realized that our daughter wasn,t with us. We found her apparently hugging the bow of a beautiful red canoe which was up on the beach, but actually she was trying to push

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Rambling with the Editor

it into the water in order to go for a ride—red being her favorite color.

As we drove off we promised ourselves that 'someday' we would stop over for a week or more at the lodge. That night we stopped at Twilight Lodge on beautiful Lac La Hache, taking a cabin on the lakeshore. Before retiring we smoked a cigarette while sitting on the sandy beach watching the moon's shimmering path across the water, and wondered at mans eternal rush to get from here to there. . .

All down the highway were signs of new activity. At 100 Mile House, headquarters for Lord Martin Cecil's 70-odd thousand acres of ranch land a new cafe was well under way, and we were advised that several cabins were also to be constructed for the accommodation of additional tourists. (100 Mile is the jumping-off place for the Canim Lake fishing grounds while to the south-east are literally hundreds of lakes, all of them good fishing at certain times of the year.)

After driving over the 10 miles south of the 93, where the highway is being rebuilt (it will be a great improvement—as it's twisting and winding used to resemble a corckscrew) we found a new and enlarged 83 Mile House, all done within the past three months. It was remarkable. Everywhere we went people were building—building . . . despite shortages of virtually every commodity required by builders. At Clinton it was the same, a half dozen new business premises going up and several new dwellings. We dropped in on Mr. Johnston of the famous old Clinton Hotel, and he showed us his very unique fireplace which I had not seen despite the eight years that I have travelled up and down the highway. It is made up of hundreds of pieces of ore, taken from the various mines throughout B.C. Each piece is carefully numbered, and a chart on the wall discloses the source of each piece. Mr. Johnston said that he had a hard time keeping souvenir hunters from packing off the fireplace piecemeal, as they have been chipping away at the various pieces for years.

Mechanics wanted !

Remembering the request to keep an eye out for mechanics, I dropped in at Boyd's Garage and was about to inquire whether there were any mechanics on the loose aroundabout when I was offered a job—as MECHANIC. A sports shop, newly opened in conjunction with Cariboo Lodge is supplying a long felt need in directing the tourists to lakes where they can get results. The proprietor is wide-awake and in touch daily with lodge owners. The knowledge he so-gains is tempered with reports of outbound fishermen which he marks on a large map on the wall of his shop. The map is consulted at least 50 times a day.

A boon to visiting hunters

Something new, and something that will help hunters enjoy their stay no end, is the cold storage plant at Clinton, which will be ready by the time this goes to press. It is a modern plant in every respect, with quick-freeze and 'cold' room, with some 100 or more lockers; the large 'cold' room being especially equipped to handle whole carcasses of moose, deer, etc., with ceiling rail system extending from the large entrance doorway through to the inner chambers. Hunters who bag their game the first few days in the district need no longer cut their visit short fearful that the game will spoil. From anywhere between Ashcroft and Prince George (where freight trucks operate) the hunter may ship his game to be stored while he stays for days or weeks longer. It is an asset to the town of Clinton and I think the credit is due to Bruce "Scotty" McTavish, who heads the company which, despite shortages, completed it in time to be of use this season.

150 cars a day

We stopped at the T.U. Auto Camp at Cache Creek, where we learned that an average of 150 cars were passing the spot every day that only one out of every five headed north into Cariboo, the rest were Kamloops, Okanagan or Kootenay-bound. Rolling along south of Cache Creek we appreciated the 'paved' road and understand why four out of five tourists went east rather than north at Cache Creek

Continued on next page

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Rambling with the Editor

continued from page 43

even though the Cariboo did have infinetly more to offer the sportsman. The Ashcroft 'cut-off' was almost ready for black-topping and in no time at all we were through Spences Bridge and were pulling into the Big Horn Auto Court where Mr. and Mrs. Leachty conduct what is perhaps the most spic 'n span auto court on the highway, just a hundred yards away from the swift-moving Thompson River. A forty by sixty foot swimming pool (following the lead of 'Cog' Harrington at Boston Bar) was almost completed and will be receiving in its cool bosom many a greatful and dusty tourist ere you read this.

At Lytton we paused long enough to hear that a new drag-line dredging operation was getting underway just north of town on the Fraser before heading north for a quick jaunt into the Bridge River district. After the paved road down the Thompson river the road to Lillooet seemed like a cow-trail, narrow, rough and winding though I expect the government *must* have had a hand in its construction at some time or other. We made our daughter stay in the back seat which was not at all satisfactory to her but allowed me elbow room with which to manoeuvre the sharp turns.

An OLD road?

"Is this an old road daddy?" inquired our five year old. "A bad road?" "Very old, and very bad," I replied, my eye on a bad hole where a culvert had 'gone through'.

"Is that why I have to stay in the back?"

"Yes, that's why," I replied, cursing under my breath as I rounded a sharp turn with no warning sign (going to too fast for safety) to find the road descending a narrow steep cut-bank.

"But why don't they fix it?" persisted our babe.

"Because of the P.G.E. dear, That's why they don't fix it."

She mulled this over for a while. "You mean the train?—Our train?—the one that comes to our town? (she meant Quesnel.)

"Yes, dear," answered my wife, "the one that comes to our town. I was descending a really steep bit of corkscrew road covered with loose gravel, with a beautiful 500 foot roll down into the Fraser River with nothing to stop a rolling car except sage brush, when out came the 64 dollar question. "But WHY?"

We entered a straight stretch and I stepped on the gas, hit a bump which felt as though it had taken all the springs out from under the car. . . . . "Because the P.G.E. wouldn't make so much money, thats why." I snapped out, though heaven only knows the poor roads weren't HER fault. "If they built a good road through to Lillooet then there would be LOTS of cars and *trucks* travelling on it all the time, and if there were lots of cars and trucks travelling on the *road,* the people and freight that is moved by them couldn't be also travelling on the train, whereby the train would lose money. As it is the road is so bad nobody travels on it unless they have to, so the train hauls all the people and everything the trucks would have hauled were it a good road, and so makes more money." Our daughter couldn't make sense of it of course. She still wanted to know 'why, only only this time it was, "Why did the railroad have to have more money?" I could see that I was getting no where with her, and decided to write an editorial instead. You will find it on page 2 if you are curious.

A few miles farther on we passed the Buckerfield seed farm, where a goodly percentage of B.C's. onion seed is raised each year. The land in this (the Lillooet) district is capable if irrigated of producng almost every type of fruit and vegetable, but water is very scarce and irrigation projects still only the dreams of the far-seeing, except in the immediate vicinty of Lillooet, where the government (if we recall correctly) is going to spend $100,000, now that pioneers have 'pro-

continued on page 47

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Rambling with the Editor

continued from page 79

ved' that excellent fruit can be raised on virtually every square foot of flat benchland—provided it has water.

At Lillooet we dropped in on old-timer, Wm. Phair, and on Dave Murray who publishes the local paper. Depite the miners strike, Dave was very optomistic in regard to the future of mining in the district, stating that some excellent propects were developed almost to the point of going into production. We sympathized with Mr. Phair over the poorness of P.G.E. service. It seems that a shipment of meat from Vancouver (he conducts a general store and butcher shop) arrived literally 'crawling' with maggots ----he'd advertised 'fresh meat'. Apparently the meat had been held over for days in Squamish for some mysterious reason, without benefit of refrigeration, Mr. Phair was also confident in regard to the future of mining in the district and recalled how the first hard-rock discoveries were made some 40 years ago. I persuaded him to put it in article form and left to catch the gas-train which is the only connecting link with Bridge River proper.

By the time we reached the summit of Mission Mountain, some 4000 ft. above Seton Lake and Shalath(where the road to the mines start) steam was pouring out of every crack of the hood—it is 8 or 4 miles to the top by a seemingly never-ending series of switchbacks, each one steeper than the previous one. The view from the top was wonderful, with Seton and adjoining Anderson Lakes little green jewels far below. I remarked on it to my wife. "Is that why the government built the road up here," she asked. "Just so that people could sit and admire the scenery, while praying inwardly that their brakes would hold out going down either side?"

We started down the other side in to the valley, and part way down came upon the first sign that work was getting under way with the B.C. Electrict's new project—a huge power shovel (much bigger than anything used by the department of public work) was parked for the night on one of the hairpin turns, part of the equipment that is to be used in diverting the waters of Bridge River through Mission Mountain where it will emerge approximately 1300 feet above the lake and form a powerful 'head' for the generation of hydro-electric power . . . I wondered how many days it look to manoeuvre the bulky shovel up to the top of the mountain also how the big freight trucks (which hauled supplies from Shalalth to the mines) made out in the winter time—there must be a tremendous amount of snow at that elevation in the winter.

"The government isn't building 'scenic' roads in the Cariboo just yet," I replied belatedly, "they have a much more 'practical' reason for coming over the mountain."

We were well down the other side by now, where the road swung to the left around the shoulder of a mountain, and a view of the valley was opened up to us, with the road going on up river to the mines on our left. The trip over the mountain had made my wife a little 'jittery' "Practical?" "What's practical about it? Surely there must be some other way to get out of the 'valley'. The river found another way. *It* didn't go over the mountain."

"Neither would the road if it werent for the P.G.E.," I said.

"P.G.E.!—In heavens name what has that to do with it"'.

"Everything," I replied. 'It's as simple as A B C."

"I know MY A B C's", piped up our daughter, gleeful that at last we had touched on a familiar subject.

We were crossing the bridge at the foot of the mountain. "Thirteen miles

Continued on next page

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Rambling with the Editor

continued from page 47

downstream from here", I explained, "is the settlement known as Moha. From Moha a road leads on down the Bridge River to where it connects with the Fraser and thence down the Fraser River to Lillooet. Forty years ago and eariler before there was a P.G.E., pioneer miners followed the river-road into this valley in search of gold, building trails as they went along. Mining development warranted the construction of a road which gradually pushed its way on from Lillooet up the Bridge River valley as far as Moha. And then came the P.G.E., operating under a terrific burden of debt; an increase in mining activity 'up the valley' wherein hundreds of thousands of tons of freight were due to be transported to and from the district, so the government halted work on the Moha road, pushed the present road over Mission Mountain, established Shalalth station, and there by created a beautiful monopoly for its brainchild, the P.G.E.—Practical?"

"Very practical for the P.G.E.", remarked my wife. "But how about the PEOPLE?" "People?—Oh, hang the PEOPLE! Who cares about them? Certainly not the government, which pleaded so desperately prior to election day to be allowed to continue to act in the best interest-of-the-P.G.E.

Although, non-producing mines were not affected by the miners strike, and were still going ahead with their development work, the entire valley seemed in a state of suspended animation pending settlement of the strike. Where as we sympathize with the hard-rock miners in wanting their basic rate of pay raised to the level of either trades, we found it somewhat difficult to reconcile their demands with wages actually being paid *good* miners at one of the two mines, where we were shown record card after record card showing average wages for 1946 up to the time of the strike ranging from $6 to $15 per day, for every day worked. *Good* miners, I was informed were steadily earning an average of $10 per day under the present set-up, though wages in other 'camps' were admittedly lower.

Before leaving the valley we drove out to beautiful Little Gun and Big Gun lakes, also to Tyax Lodge on Tyaughton Lake north of Minto. Lodge owners on the whole were rather pessimistic about the prospect of tourists coming in from the 'outside', despite the excellent fishing and hunting to be had. Few tourists, they claimed, cared to have to time their arrival and departure into the valley to the schedule of the P.G.E. gas-car—only connecting link with the 'outside'.

Back in Lillooet we found the only hotel proprietor i n B.C. (I'll wager) who doesn't care a hoot in heck about the tourist business. "I don't want 'em", he aid. "All they do is make an unholy mess of the linen, squawk about the rate, and run away with my towels". Which I thought was a very queer outlook, coming from a man who had set himself up in the business of catering to the travelling public.

At Boston Bar, we stopped to admire "Cog" Harrington's new premises nearing completion, which is undoubtedly the biggest thing of its sort north of Vancouver, and will lack *nothing* in the way of modern garage service. It might even have a few exclusive innovations such as a series of mechanical arms—one of which will start to wipe off the winshield the minute a car stops infront of the gas pump, another with a wisk broom to brush off the driver as soon as he steps out, a third to hand him a road map, etc.—(so we were told by one of the 'boys')—from which we gather that 'Cog' is going to 'accentuate the positive' even more so than he has in the past.

From 'Cog' we learned of the organization of the "Cog-Grinders" club, of which he is president. To be eligible for membership, drivers must have 100,000 miles *truck-driving* through the Fraser Canyon to their credit, which indicates that it is to be *very* exclusive. The emblem of the club used on all stationery, membership buttons etc., is a very neat drawing of a gear and shift lever against a backdrop of snowclad peaks. A mong those eligible will be two well known drivers on the Cariboo Road (both driving for Carson's Truck Lines on the Vancouver—Prince George run) Howard Harnden, and Gordon Johnston, while yours truly, we hear, is to be awarded an honorary membership, in recognition no doubt of the fact that he once, teeth-a-chatter, did drive a truck through the Canyon.

Admonished by Cog not to take any 'wooden nickels' from the city slickers and to "bring back something spicy" we took off, our noses twitching to get a whiff of the sea-air, for we were only a hundred miles or so away from the Coast.

At Alexandra we crossed the *toll bridge* (as it is commonly referred to —the government having for years allowed the public to believe that the toll collected was to pay for the cost of it) I recalled to my wife in pre-war days it had been a standing joke amongst truck drivers when they met on the canyon highway to inquire whether the government had yet started to gold-plate the bridge—trucks pay $2.00 per ton, or as high as $26.00 toll pass through going one way . . . they no longer joke . . . . . it is past that stage now.

We stopped at Spuzzum for a few moments and said 'hello' to Mr. Trout who conducts a general store and gas station there, and got our first inkling of how things were booming at Hope, B.C., the gateway town. The town was apparently taking a spurt forward such as it had not seen since Cariboo gold-rush days. Mr. Trout said that he had never seen the tourist flock through as they have this year, and that he personally had far more than he could handle and was thinking of retiring. It is an excellent establishment and an equally excellent opportunity for the right man.

Enroute to Hope we passed innumerable fish-drying racks erected on the banks of the river by the Indians for the purpose of drying the salmon

continued on page 94

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Freighting to Cariboo

Continued from page 25

during the summer season and almost every truck carries its share of grapefruit, oranges and bananas. Twenty-four hours after leaving Vancouver these luxuries of earlier days are on sale in the heart of the Cariboo. Farmers with small shipments of sheep or pigs are able to get them away to the coast market when they are prime and a careful freighter can guarantee their arrival in good shape.

Scheduled runs, regular stopping places and relays of drivers are all part of present-day freighting. Roadhouses built in stagecoach days to accommodate passengers while horses were changed are favorite eating and sleeping-places for the modern freight drivers and here you may hear of the real adventures of early and modern transportation. The stories of prospectors trudging hundreds of miles into the gold country, packing supplies and equipment on their backs. The tales of fabulous gold strikes that brought about construction of the great road to the north and of the highwaymen who held up gold shipments so regularly miners finally pooled their treasured dust to make a gold brick weighing 750 pounds, worth $350,000, so heavy the hold-up men could not handle it.

Stories of more recent times tell of a freight truck loaded with dynamite which went over a canyon wall, yet the driver still lives to tell about it. The saga of half a dozen resolute drivers who worked two days and a night in pelting rain when their loaded trucks were trapped by slides in the canyon. They hoisted and tugged each other over a mountain of mud, rock and snow fifty feet high and one hundred and fifty feet wide.

The pioneer freighter had his troubles with bell mares and stubborn mules that bloated themselves when girths were being tightened, then rubbed the loads off their backs at the first opportunity. They had their difficulties crossing chasms and slides along the route and today's freighter, like his predecessor, has no sinecure digging his way out of mud slides and snowdrifts during winter months, or groping through fog, ever alert to the danger of rocks on the road. His time is less, loads much heavier, roads are better than oldtimers ever imagined, yet freighting today is one of the toughest jobs in British Columbia.

Trucks must be completely checked and serviced after each trip. Loads have to be picked up from all points of the city. Freight must be stowed, balanced and trimmed with the same care a ship's supercargo would use in loading a seagoing vessel. A shifting load off balance on a truck is as dangerous on the road, and the cause of many mechanical troubles, as it would be on the sea, and a trip through the canyon on one of the big freight trucks is an adventure in itself. Anything may happen, from a flat tire to a dive over the canyon wall. From the time you leave Vancouver until you reach Prince George, two days later, there is a fascination about the business of motor freighting that holds even the interest of oldtimers at the game.

Some of the transport men have driven through the canyon once and sometimes twice a week for 8 and 9 years and are known and respected by the people and the various trades they serve. They have a language of their own, a system of light signals; and a code

Continued on next page

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of ethics, one of which will not allow a driver to pass another driver in trouble or start down a grade while another truck is coming up.

Our cargo consisted of fruit, ice cream (packed in dry ice), tires, machinery, eight crates of eggs, and miscellaneous freight for Williams Lake, Quesnel and Prince George. At four o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon a heavy tarpaulin was lashed securely over our load and with a gusty roar of the motor thirteen tons of truck and freight rolled away from the loading platform on a 500-mile grind to the north. The afternoon start from Vancouver avoids heavy automobile traffic in the canyon during the night and enables the transport driver to see any approaching cars by their headlights.

Headway is slow through city and suburban traffic, but once on the open road fast time is made and by 6:15 at a roadside lunch counter in Chilliwack, where truck men drink coffee, swap yarns and talk shop, we were warned to watch for several dangerous spots in the canyon. At one place the edge of the road had sunk and logs had been placed over the gaps by drivers coming to Vancouver.

Three trucks started out together. At Yale the ywere weighed for toll charges. Having passed the load requirements, they start along the twisted canyon highway, holding their loads back on grades and gunning their engines to climb hills. Amidst the staccato barking of motors running against compression, the driver pointed out several places where accidents have occurred and by force of habit each driver unconsciously slowed down.

Above Hell's Gate we stopped to let passenger cars pass. The canyon is pitch dark, only the twinkling lights of a tourist camp in the distance and the swirling river below break the blackness and silence of night.

At 11 p.m. we pulled into Boston Bar, where the trucks were refuelled, loads were checked and made secure. The drivers again have a snack—they eat little but often, to guard against fallen stomach and kidney trouble, caused through bumping and vibration during long hours of driving.

Leaving Boston Bar for Spences Bridge, the resounding roar of exhaust pipes echoes from the hills, and the distant whistle of a locomotive laboring its way along the river bank is heard a thousand feet below. At Spences Bridge the drivers stop to stretch their limbs and give a helping hand to a tourist having trouble with his car. By 4 o'clock Thursday morning we reached Cache Creek, where two of the trucks branched off for the Okanagan and Kootenays. This time the driver has tea and eats dry toast, then hurries away, anxious to reach our next stop, at Clinton, by 5:15, where we change drivers. The truck is refulled and started up the long hill out of Clinton, and for thirty-five minutes the motor pounds away in low gear. The sun is well up; heat and fumes waft through the cab, adding to an overwhelming drowsiness after being awake all night.

First deliveries were at various mile houses along the route until we drive into Williams Lake at 10 a.m. Almost every rancher along the road waves a greeting and a shrill air whistle of the truck sounds in friendly reply. The hospitality and friendliness of the Cariboo people is evidenced at every stop. A rancher's wife receiving her first washing machine or vacuum cleaner is sure to ask you to dinner or offer a wedge of apple pie to eat on your way.

By 2:30 in the afternoon we reached Quesnel, where deliveries and pickup are made until quitting time at 6 o'clock. The driver stays overnight, but is up at five o'clock Friday morning, bound for Prince George, arriving at 9 a.m., in time for breakfast. Unloading is completed and empty gasoline drums, hides, wool and household effects are picked up for the return trip. Six o'clock in the evening finds us back at Quesnel, where the truck is again checked thoroughly, refuelled, and made ready for the long run back to the coast. At Williams Lake more pickups are made and at Clinton the original driver climbs into the seat, well rested and ready to go, his eyes glued to the road ahead, on the lookout for roaming cattle. Gophers galore scamper across our path. A startled deer, hypnotized by our lights, stands frozen in its tracks until the silvery beam is turned off and he springs back into the bush. All night we travelled through the canyon, the driver eating or stopping a few minutes every two or three hours, until we reach the depot in Vancouver the following day, and this sleepy novice rolled out of the cab with a realization that pounding along the highway, rounding grade curves, facing glaring headlights, constantly shifting gears, judging the necessary speed and power of the motor hour after hour is a mental and physical strain only men with nerves of iron can stand.

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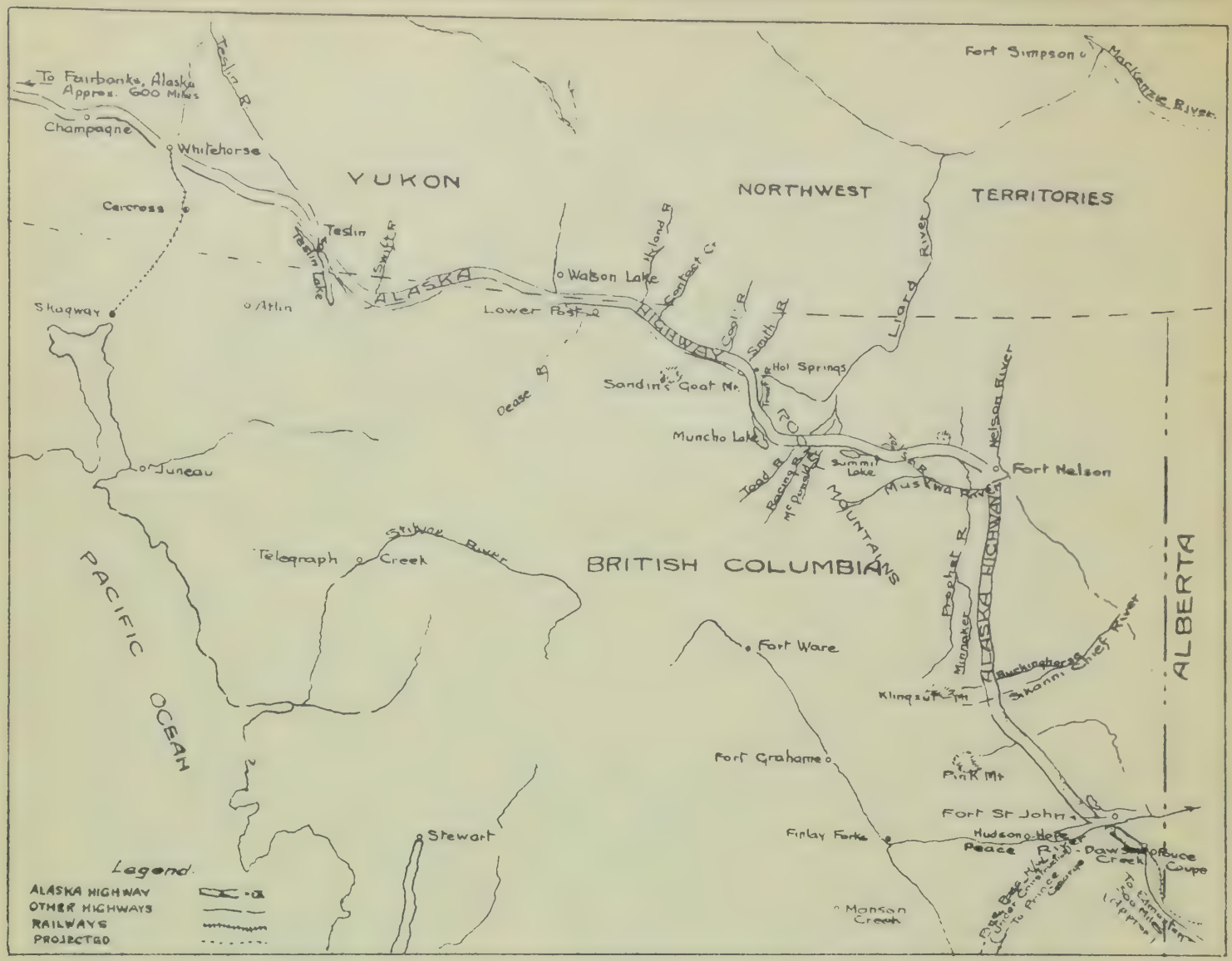

Alaska Highway Trip

continued from page 30

across the valley to the hillside on the opposite shore, the trees being flattened for hundreds of yards back by the force of the blast. I should have liked to get a picture here, but it was too dull. An icy wind was blowing through this high pass, and when I got out of the car to investigate possibilities of taking a picture, the blue-printed road map of the Highway given me by the U.S.E.D. at Dawson Creek fell out of the car and was swept away by the gale and I chased after it a long way down the road in an effort (finally successful) to prevent it being swept off into space!

Through the neighborhood of the McDonald, Racing and Toad Rivers we saw probably the greatest evidences of the tremendous amount of work done on the Highway since the epic trip of Colonel Hollingsworth and myself last July. Whereas formerly the road wound right through the wide, rocky beds of these streams and was subject to washout every time a cloudburst came down from the mighty hills towering above, now it is built high above the rivers and, except where a few of the bridges are placed, it seems now as if it shoud be free from destruction. The road was not closed a day this spring.

All through this 140 or 150 mile stretch of the Highway from, say,

continued next page

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Steamboat Mountain to the crossing of the Liard River is country full of the most scenic grandeur one could find anywhere in the world. Over the fine steel bridges over the McDonald, Racing and Toad Rivers we went. They say this is good grizzly bear terrain. At contact with the Toad we passed under a high sheer wall of rock, towering thousands of feet straight above us. The mountains around this part appear to be a sort of slate, and are bare. Patches of scrubby timber in the valleys, and most of this has been fireswept. In contrast to the clear Tetsa, we noted that the Toad is a very muddy stream. Some miles to the north of the Highway at the Toad lies the famous Tropical Valley. Some day I should like to take a trip in there. After leaving the Toad we passed through a narrow valley profuse wth wildflowers and with lovely little waterfalls pouring down the hillsides far above.

At Muncho Lake, a beautiful, long, narrow lake, at the south end of which there is a U.S.E.D. maintenance camp, there is some marvellous rock work permitting the Highway to wind its way along the easterly shore for several miles. After Muncho there are some fine mountains, sliced with gulches. We are told this is good mountain sheep country—it certainly looks like it. We crossed the Trout River bridge, marvelling at some fantastically shaped "hoodoos" in the sandstone on the mountainsides.

We reached Liard River Crossing at 5:15 p.m., coming down a long, gentle hill, which was an immense improvement over the dangerous

MUNCHO LAKE

route we had to descend last year. There is a fine new steel bridge over the Liard several miles west of the old temporary structure we crossed last July.

We spent the night at the almost abandoned camp of the McNamara Construction Company of Toronto, and were very comfortable. Met Camp Superintendent Lampman of Hamilton and the Security Officer in those parts, one Noakes.

After a dandy dinner, we drove across the Liard and walked in a road or trail leading into the woods

continued on page 52

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Alaska Highway Trip

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to the right, to visit the Hot Springs discovered in this area. Over a rough wooden path built last year by Highway workmen we crossed a swampy meadow and, about a mile from the Highway came to the Springs. They are near the foot of a sloping hillside. The first indication we were nearing them was a feeling of warmth in the chill evening, most luxuriant vegetation, and a strong smell of sulphur. Then we came upon the first spring. The workmen had erected a small building over it,—a sort of outer room in which one could shed one's clothes, and an inner one built right over the pool,—the whole enclosed with netting to protect one against the mosquitoes. (Incidentally, the latter were not at all bad this year.) One went down a flight of steps to sit on benches submerged under the water. The water here was extremely hot,—I could hardly bear my hand in it, but later I saw fellows sitting in it. Don't know how they stood it. I would have been parboiled. Little springs were bubbling out of the hillside and pouring over rock which must have been almost pure sulphur, as we made our way a few hundred yards farther on to the second big pool. This was much larger than the first a big, saucer-shaped basin in the trees, possibly 100 feet across and about eight or nine feet deep in the centre. The water was crystal clear, of a bluish green color. Bubbles arose and burst, and steam floated off the surface in the cool breeze. The heavy smell of sulphur hung over everything.

Van Roggen and I peeled and went for a swim, and this dip in water just the temperature of good hot bath water was a most delightful experience.

Friday, June 23rd. A dull, cool morning, with a light rain. We left Liard Crossing about 9 a.m., stopping on the way to take a couple of snapshots of the fine bridge. Heavy spruce woods at first, developing into more mixed timber as we proceeded over the Swift River and the Coal River. From the Liard Crossing to Lower Post the road plays "tag" with the river, running through rolling country along the north bank and in some parts overlooking some pretty fine-looking hills and mountains across the Liard to the south. Here we noticed quite a change in the undergrowth, which for the first part of today's trip was heavy and lush, more like what one sees along the lower Fraser Valley.

We stopped for gas at Camp N260 (which Colonel Hollingsworth and

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I visited last year). It was almost deserted now, and the big baseball field they had christened "Yankee Stadium" looked badly in need of a few players. I took a snap of van Roggen here, petting a big friendly husky dog.

At about N277 (back to the old numbering again—277 miles beyond Fort Nelson), we paused at a lookout point on the Highway, where an arrow points across the Liard to "Sandin's Goat Mountain." The legend on the post says the former is well known in many prominent works of fact and fiction. We will all at least testify it was a pretty fine-looking pile of rock.

Nearing the Hyland River (which flows from the north into the Liard), the timber is small jackpine, looks like second growth, and the country is parklike and free from underbrush. We noted a beautiful little lake at N298. Hereabouts we noted men working with surveying instruments from R.C.A.F. trucks. We understand Canada is taking over the operation of the Highway and American personnel is being gradually replaced by Canadian. We also saw a number of big heavy Army trucks on the road, with "Department of Mines and Resources" painted on the sides.

We crossed "Contact Creek," where the northbound and southbound construction crews met, and had another of the very excellent meals the Highway Maintenance Camps have to offer at Mile 596 (wow, back to the new mileage again!) The superintendent was an Irishman by the name of Fitzpatrick.

We stopped at the little B.C. Police Office, normally presided over by Game Warden Purdy, who, unfortunately, was away on patrol at the time. This office is inherited from the Americans, ebing one of the buildings in a large abandoned camp at the crossing. As also is the Purdy home, a nice log cabin, where we introduced ourselves to Mrs. Purdy, a charming and hospitable person. A powerboat was moored at the bank of the swiftly flowing river, and a dozen kennels housed a colony of big husky dogs, who howled to heaven when we passed. The name of each dog was neatly painted over its kennel. One, set apart from the others, was labelled the "Maternity Ward." There a large bitch watched lovingly over a brood of tumbling offspring, falling over their big feet.

We reached Lower Post about 3 p.m., and saw some changes since last year. The Hudson's Bay Company is erecting new buildings right on the Highway — their present location being a couple of hundred yards off, on the river bank. Don't know when these white-sided, red-roofed buildings will be completed. It seems rather a shame to see yet another of the old, historic trading posts replaced by modern buildings. Our friend of last year, Factor Jack Stewart, welcomed us and invited us over to the fine new house which has been built for him, and introduced us to Mrs. Stewart. The house is beautifully furnished and ultra modern in every way—except that it is minus plumbing.

We opened court on the Stewart's front porch, which they kindly placed at our disposal. Accused elected for a "speedy trial," pleaded "not guilty" to the charge, I set the trial for tomorrow morning at the Police Office at Hyland River (as that was where the numerous bulky and heavy exhibits were stored) and released him on bail.

Had quite a yarn with Stewart after. He took me over to the trading post, the little building erected in 1870—its eaves full of mud nests, through which the swal-

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Alaska Highway Trip

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lows flew to and fro. He showed me 16 bales of furs, mostly beaver, tied in sacking, which, he said, were worth $35,000. He told me it got pretty cold there in the wintertime, but not a great deal of snow. We met some Indians and talked to them. Some of them had come up from Dease Lake. Several small Indian boys were having a lot of fun with cap pistols. Stewart told me flour costs $14 per 100 pounds at Lower Post, cement $9 per 85-pound sack.

At 5:15 p.m. we were on our way again, headed for Watson Lake Airport, where we were to spend the night. The soil in these parts consists of fine golden sand. Where the road forks to go to the Airport we passed the "4000 miles to Tokio" signpost, but they have not bothered to keep it painted and the lettering is becoming illegible.

So here we are, in the Yukon again. It is of interest to note that this road was built before the Alaska highway, as was the airport it was designed to service. Everything necessary for its construction was freighted up the Stikine to Telegraph Creek, thence to Dease Lake, then again by boat down the Dease and Liard Rivers, to Lower Post.

On arrival at Watson Lake Airport, we had dinner at the big Department of Transport building. Some of our party slept in the fine peeled-log building used as sleeping quarters for aerial transients. Colonel Hollingsworth and I slept there last year when American officers were using it. This year it is D.O.T., with a wing occupied by the R.C.A.F. Morrell and I called at the R.C.A.F. officers' mess. Squadron Leader Gordon was away, but we were entertained by F/O's Dejavorski and Hatfield, who pressed us to tay the night—an invitation we gladly accepted.

Saturday, June 24th. We made a latish start for Hyland River, as we had to await the arrival of a Crown witness who flew in from Whitehorse. But half past ten saw us rolling down the road. We stopped a few minutes en route at Lower Post and bought some bread, butter, oranges, etc., as we did not want to impose too much on Mrs. Purdy when we all blew in for lunch. But the prices were pretty fancy—"pop," for instance, 30 cents a small bottle.

On arrival at Hyland River we had lunch at the Purdys'. Mrs. Purdy made coffee for us, and we had an enjoyable little visit. Then we got down to business.

The trial took place in the little Nisson hut Police Office previously described.

(I omit the entries covering the trial. I have no desire to usurp the functions of a court reporter, and in an article describing an interesting journey I do not propose to bore my readers with dry legal detail. Suffice to say that court and counsel, garbed in the full dignity of gowns, black waistcoats, wing collars and legal tabs, duly officiated in the frontier atmosphere of this little courtroom, a stone's throw from the Yukon border, with the river rushing by and the pine trees waving outside and the husky dogs howling their resentment at this intrusion on the usual tenor of northern existence.)

We said good bye to Mrs. Purdy and drove back to Watson Lake. We arrived too late for the regular meal sitting, but prevailed upon the good nature of the cook to rustle up a substantial snack for, us. Afterwards Morrell and I went to see the Airport movie. The show was "Once Upon a Time", a most fantastic yarn in which a dancing cataerpillar was the central theme.

New arrivals had filled up the RCAF Mess and Morrell and I moved over to the D.O.T. to spend the night. Van Roggen in turn moved over to the nearby U.S.E.D. camp where he had made some friends.

Planes still stream through here on their way to Russia, all with the Red Star painted on their sides.

Sun., June 25th:- Inspector Mansell had business with the RCMP at Whitehorse, and was kind enough to take Morrell, Clayton and me along with him while Van returned to Dawson Creek by plane to Fort St. John.

We got away about 8.45 a.m. Stopped at the Highway-Watson Lake crossroads for gas. Then over the Liard Upper Crossing, a short dip of the road back into B.C., then through the Yukon agin parralleling the boundary for another 80 miles until there is quite a pronounced dip into British Columbia in the neighbourhood of the Swift River before heading definitely through the Yukon to Whitehorse.

But to describe the journey by stages-

The weather was again slightly rainy and dull.

Continued on next page

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Alaska Highway Trip

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The country along this "boundary" strip is similiar in appearance to that portion of Cariboo around Prince George and Quesnel, with parklike woods. The soil is light sandy gravel, making for easy road construction. One of the first wooden bridges we saw was over the Little Rancheria River, and we passed over a number of these from here to Whitehorse but they are all being gradually replaced by permanent structures. We crossed Big Creek and into an area where the timber was all jackpine and spruce of very small diameter.

Around Mile 680 we entered a great wide valley surrounded by high, rolling snow-capped mountains. This inspired me to song, - but I stopped when Walter Clayton remarked, "You sing like a martingale!" At that much though I hate to admit it, his stories were much more interesting than my singing. In fact, Walter was very inmuch the life of the party. This was not his first visit to the Yukon, and he seemed to "feel his oats" as we pursued our journey North. If we stopped for a few minutes there was always a query as to where Walter had got to when we wanted to get a-going again, and we would ultimately find him collecting specimens of rock and commenting on contours, land settlement possibliities, wild life ,etc. I think on that trip he was mentally the youngest of the lot of us. He told us of his earlier visits to the Yukon:-

"In the winter of '97-98, I came to Stikine to Telegraph Creek. Left in December, arrived in March. My friends and I pulled our sleds by hand over the ice. We were heavily loaded and had to transport our supplies in relays, returning again and again to the same spot for further cargoes. The snow was very deep, and it took us three weeks to make 17 miles. An Indian Chief told us we could use his cabin for headquarters, describing an open space in the brush near a certain bluff so we could find it. We found a place we felt certain was the spot, but there were no signs of the cabin. We dug down and found the chimney, and further digging revealed the cabin - buried under 18 feet of snow. We spent the summer fishing at Lenora, just south of Telegraph Creek, then "Came out".

We "went in" again that Fall (1898) This time via Skagway and White Pass. We had the luxury of dogs to pull our sleighs this time. Got to Lake Bennett. Worked in the Government Office there. Then made two or three trips freighting into Atlin. Was made Deputy Mining Recorder at Lake Bennett.

"I spent the summer and fall in Atlin, placer mining. In 1899 I went on to Whitehorse en route to Nome, but had to return owning to the serious illness of my mother.

"I was called to the British Columbia Bar in the autumn of 1912, after studying in Vancouver, practised for awhile at Penticton, then came to the Peace River Country and have been practising law at Pouce Coupe since 1928."

To proceed with our journey

Around Mile 700 we were beginning to get up into the Cassiar Range. We crossed the Upper Rancheria River at Mile 721. At Mile 725 we crossed the steel Swift River bridge. "True's Peak" could be seen to our right.

We stopped for lunch at the U.S. Army camp at Swift River. We chose a good day, - fried chicken .The cook told us about the game in the neighbourhood. He mentioned a bear which was a frequent visitor around the camp, and which was incordinately fond of Jello, eating ten gallons at a sitting. This camp is being closed next week. The personnel now stands at 82 Formerly it was 300.

We gassed up here and continued on our way, crossing Screw Creek and noting a big lake to our left about 1 p.m. Just after we passed Log Jam Creek, Walter called our attention to a moose in the distance. He must have marvellous eyesight, for it took the rest of us a long time to pick him out. Although we have heard much talk of game, visible evidence has been conspicuously absent on this trip. Only the bear cub near Nelson and this moose. And great flocks of ravens which haunt northern B.C. and southern Yukon and a few other birds completed the wild life picture so far.

It is rather dull country around Smart River (Mile 759), but we are away from the mountains here. Passed over Upper and Lower Hazel Creeks at Mile 768 and noted a lake in to the right.

The Morley River at Mile 777 is quite a large stream. How we wished we had tackle with us and the time to fish, as we passed many beautiful streams on our journey.

At about Mile 800 we saw mountains ahead and soon came in sight of beautiful Teslin Lake. We ran North beside it for awhile and then crossed the Nisustlin River, a very wide stream which flows into the Lake from the north-east. The bridge was a long, narrow, one-way wooden one, with bays along its length for passing. Understand this is soon to replaced with a permanent one.

At the north end of the bridge we decided to pay a visit to the little trading post of Teslin, which lies a couple of hundred yards off the Highway on the shore of the Lake to our left. It is a beautiful spot, and we noticed how clean and well kept it

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..W. Clayton, Pouce Coupe barrister. Judge Woodburn, and M. S. Morrell, Government Agent and Court Registrar for the Peace River Block snapped at John's River, Yukon Territory, by Inspector H .H .Mansell.

British Yukon Navigation Co.'s. S.S. "Casca" on the Lewes River at Whitehorse, Y.T.

is, with its neat little gardens, clean looking log cabin and wharf in good repair, with well painted row boats and gas boats alongside it or pulled up on the beach. A new church was in course of construction and a new dwelling and store of log construction for a trader named McCleery. We met old Andy Bryde, the manager of Taylor & Drury's store, which we learn does a roaring trade with the Indians. Bryde told us he has been here for 85 years. Here I managed to get a couple of new films for my camera, - and to my surprise only got charged 35c a roll for them, - although other things were very expensive. Indian work was dear, - the Red Man has acquired a sense of values since the Americans came here with the Highway.

We met here a party which included RCMP Inspector Cronkhite from Whitehorse and a couple of RC AF officers. One was F|O Dobbs of Winnipeg, I did not catch the name of the other. We had a yarn, and I took a group snap of our parties. We learn it is another 115 miles to Whitehorse. We also lstened to some great tales of the huge fish to be caught in Teslin Lake.

We ran some 30 miles between Teslin and Johnston's Crossing along the shore of this lovely, long, narrow lake. For the previous two or three hours the weather had been good, but as we neared the north end of the Lake we ran into a terrific thunder and rain storm. It soon passed over the sun burst forth again. This is one of the biggest Stations on the road and here and at Johnston's Crossing in the valley below it were many trucks and great activity. Approaching here were many flowers, white on tundra, giving the impression of snow.

Johnston's Crossing is the name given to the Highway's crossing of the Teslin River which flows from the North into Teslin Lake. We found the reason for much of the activity was the construction by Bates & Rogers Co. of a magnificent new bridge over the Teslin. I took a couple of pictures here.

At the River we met a short rotund Amercain from Milwaukee with a fine big Dolly Varden trout he had caught. We stopped and admired it and he told us he had been having the time of his life fishing during his off-duty hours since his arrival a few days before. He insisted on presenting us with the fish, along with a number of greyling he had also caught.

We climbed out of the valley of the Crossing to find ourselves driving through open bench land with lakes, swamps and meadows and with fine mountains in the background. We stopped and cleaned the fish in John's River at Mile 849, Hubert Mansell getting a snap of those of us who were engaged in the dirty work.

All the way from Watson Lake we had played tag with a small guage iron pipe line bringing refined gas from the Canol Oil Refinery at Whitehorse to Watson Lake and other airfields, but after leaving Johnston's Crossing we met the heavy pipe (looked about 8" or 10) bringing the crude oil from Fort Norman, and the two pipes paralleled the road the rest of the way to Whitehorse. The pipes are bent to follow the contours of the ground, - there are no joints, all the sections being welded together.

We ran into more torrential rain as we got closer to the mountains, but this cleared as we went through a pass around Mile 861 with high peaks on either side, and the sun shone the rest of our journney.

We next passed the corner of the trading post some 33 miles to the south-west. At this point there is a road leading down to Carcross, a wide open valley with a lake to be seen in the distance to the left ahead.

Around Mile 878 are many deep little valleys and sudden hillocks necessitating immense cuts and fills for the Highway, but from here on are straight stretches of the road many miles in length.

Marsh Lake was on our left for several miles around 6.30 p.m., and at its head we passed over a narrow one-way bridge over the McClinton River. All along here and right to Whitehorse the road was dry and dusty and it obviously had not raind a long here for many days. Many gophers played along the road around here.

We followed along the famous Lewes River on which Whitehorse is situated, crossing the River at Mile 897. There was getting to be more and more traffic all the time, showing us to be nearing our destination, and we

soon came to the U.S. Military Post some miles from the outskirts of town, where we were carefully scrutinized and checked over. Here we met the RCAF Provost Martial for the Highway, Flight Lieut. Alexander, whom it turned out was a son of the late Magistrate Hy. O. Alexander of Vancouver, and a brother of Hal and Ken, with whom Ian (my brother) and I once went to school.

From here on the road ran through miles and miles of Army and contractors camps. A mazing collection of stuff we passed, heaped on huge stock piles. Immense piles of beds, an enormous heap of china toilets, another of wash-basins, heaps of roofing paper, lumber and many other items.

Soon we came to the line of the historic White Pass & Yukon Railroad, now taken over by the U.S. Army. It runs between Whitehorse and Skagway, and is 110 miles in length. Freight cars were being shunted to and fro, with "U.S. Army" Painted on the tenders of the locomotives.

We passed the big airport, lying to the right of the road, full of Canadian, American and Russian planes.

The highway runs on a high bench above the town of Whitehorse, overshoots the town then doubles back down a long, winding hill into the town. On our left as we came down this hill lay the immense Canol Oil Refinery with its huge storage tanks. I find that the proper term is a "nest" of tanks.

And after driving through another maze of Army and contractors huts we reached town at about 9.20 p.m.

Before I leave my description of our trip up the Highway, I must comment on the wildflowers of the Yukon. They are truly magnificent, and the sides of the road and the open spaces on either side are a riot of colour which makes one feel one is driving through fairyland. I wished many times we had a technicolour movie camera with us.

Whitehorse is a rambling, ramshackle little wooden frontier town on the bank of the Lewes River. Until the Highway came through, it was surrounded by trees, but these have

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Prince George, B. C.

Immediately after.. holding.. B.C's. northern most court - at Lower Post —The author, Judge E. D. Woodburn is standing between the two ladies in the centre of the group.

Alaska Highway Trip

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all been cleared for miles back and their place taken by workers and Army huts. Looking across the Lewes at Whitehorse is like looking across the Nechako at Prince George, with its cutbank of sand topped by coniferous trees. Bare rolling mountains, on either side of immense valleys, supply the distant background.

We had some difficulty in getting rooms. We unsuccessfully tried the "Whitehorse Inn" and several other places. We finally were fortunate enough to secure accommodation at the 'White Pass Hotel", a large, rambling, old white wooden structure operated by Mrs. A. K. Viaux, The latter is quite an old character. She tells us she came up in the gold boom of '98, built the hotel 35 years ago and is well to do. Morrell and I each got a small room, while Hubert and Walter shared a larger one. The main trouble with theirs' was that there was another bedroom beyond it, and the only means of access to the second bedroom was through theirs, which was a restless proceeding to say the least. However it would probably have been worse if they had been a honeymoon couple! In the corridor outside our rooms was a shower bath, only the usual shower curtain seperating same from the public corridor. But the place was nice and clean anyway.

The White Pass Grill downstairs fried our trout for us for dinner, and very good they were too.

After dinner we wandered around town a bit, and Mansell and I dropped into the C.P. Airlines office to pick up my ticket to Prince George The Whitehorse representative of the company and his attractive secretary drove us over to the Airlines "Staff House", a fine, up-to-date building, where they proved pleasant hosts and where we met Russ Baker, the famous Northland flyer, recenty of Prince George and Fort St. James. He is now Asst. Supt. of C.P.A. for Alberta and Yukon, with offices at Whitehorse. The C.P.A. has built a number of very attractive little homes around the Staff House for the married employees. Baker has one of them and he took Hubert and me over to it where we spent the evening and met his charming and pretty wife. They have two little girls. They were asleep and we did not see them. They told us their little home cost $10,000, - although pleasant and up-to-date it was very tiny giving one some idea of the cost of things in this Northland. There was no garden, and we found there are very few of

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the latter in the Yukon, the ground is too sandy and gravelly.

We had a most enjoyable evening, and when I noticed dusk through the window blinds, I figured time must be getting on, but was not prepared for the shock when I looked at my watch and saw it was 1.30 a.m. I had temporarily forgotten about the length of daylight at this time of the year in this latitude, there is nearly no night at all. But they would not let us leave until they had given us a lovely supper of fried bacon sandwiches, cake and coffee. We had spent a grand evening, looking at flying pictures and listening to tales of air travel and adventure in the North.

It was broad daylight when we returned to the Hotel about 2.30 a.m. My room had a huge double window and was an eastern exposure and there were no blinds, and I was unable to sleep until I had rigged my gown across it as a sort of sun blind.

Monday, June 26th. Ross Mansell who used to be with the Wartime Price and Trade Board at Prince George, and who is now WPTB Local Representative at Whitehorse, came in while I was dressing and joined us all for breakfast at the Whitehorse Grill, where we'd quite a yarn. Like everything else, food is very expensive here, even sardines on toast cost $1.00. The restaurants were all very crowded and there is always the inevitable and ubiquitous juke box. But the meals are of the best, and as there is no rationing in the Yukon we could get as many cups of the most delicious coffee as we wanted. The milk is all condensed, apparently there are no cows in these parts. A newspaper costs 25c here. We learn that dishwashers get $150.00 per month and board, and waitresses $190.00 and board plus tips. 10' x 14' cabins change hands for $1600.00 to $1800 apiece. We heard there is only one civilian doctor in town. The dentist is booked up for months ahead.

I had a date for 10 a.m. for a drive around with Russ Baker and the C.P.A's. local representative. I took Morrell along too, and we had a most

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Ford & Monarch Sales & Service
Tractors - Farm Implements
WRECKER SERVICE
Fast Battery Charging Service
WILLIAMS LAKE, B.C.

Alaska Highway Trip

continued from page 61

interesting drive in Baker's big Packard sedan.

We called at the offices of the U.S. Colonel i|c, he was away, but we paid our respects to his 2 i|c. We drove around the camps, and saw the special log cabin which was built for Brig. Gen. O'Connor when he was here. We drove around precipieces down a somewhat nerve racking road to the famous "Miles Canyon". There is a foot suspension bridge over this, where I got a snapshot. The placque at the end of it indicates it wasdedicated by Lord Byng on Aug. 13th. 1922 in honour of Robert Lowe of Whitehorse.

We were taken to the Airport, where we passed the kennels of the dogs which are being trained as parachute jumpers, to give aid to flyers who have been froced to come down in the brush. We saw all over the big layout of C.P.A. Their hanger is a peculiar structure, built in the shape of a ship, with two masts, and the roof supported by guy wires from the latter. We were told that the designer had got a number of model planes, grouped them, and designed a building round them with this bizarre result, which seems very satisfactory. We watched P39s, with their terrifically high landing speed, roaring down onto the field. We parted company after lunch at the C.P.A. staff house.

In the afternoon, Ross Mansell took us over to the Post Office, in which building the WPTB has an office and after that we went over to the Dominion Government Building, housing the Customs and Excise, etc. There we met Customs Inspector and Magistrate Simmonds, a pleasant gentleman who conveyed the impression he really enjoyed being interupted when he was very busy! In the same office we also met Mr. Lacaplina, the repretentative of the Dominion Department of Mines. There I also met a very old acquaintance in the person of Noel Pennington, who many years ago was with the Burnaby Police and

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Alaska Highway Trip

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is now in the Customs office here.

After this, we went over to the office of the Government Agent, Mr. Larrie Higgins, which is in the Government Liquor Store. The Liquor Store had a "Sold Right Out" sign in the window, but we were more fortunate in finding Mr. Higgins in and having a talk with him. And while we were so doing, the Controller of the Yukon came in. He is Mr. Jackell, down here from Dawson City. His appointment is somewhat similar to that of the Lieut. Governors of the Provinces.

At 6 o'clock we heard a steamboat whistle blow and found it was the "half hour warning" whistle of the steamship "Casca", due to leave at 6.30 p.m. for the trip downstream to Dawson City. We hurried over, to find a big, stern wheeler, reminiscent of the Mississippi River steamers Built very high, with several decks, and a tall, thin, yellow funnel belching smoke.

We learned that the Lewes River runs into the Yukon and that together they form a navigable waterway nearly 2000 miles in length, the longest in the world—The head of navigation is the Whitehorse Rapids, just above the town and below Miles Canyon where we were this afternoon. Steamboats can run right down to the mouth of the Yukon in the Bering Straights, from which Siberia can be seen in the distance.

We went aboard and saw all over the "Casca". She was built here eight years ago, the engines being freighted in from "Outside". She is one of a fleet operated by the British Yukon Navigation Company. She is a most comfortable ship, and I could not imagine anything more pleasant than someday to take the return trip to Dawson City on her. I understand $110.00 covers the entire trip, which is mighty reasonable as the Yukon goes. The staterooms on the Coast ferries have nothing on the cabins of the "Casca". The dining saloon, lounges, smoking room and other appointments left nothing to be desired. We learn the trip takes two days downstream and from four to five coming back against the current. She has two 150 h.p. engines, and burns from 100 to 150 cords of wood on the round trip.

We watched her sail, and it was

Concluded page 66

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NORTH AMERICAN TRUCKING
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WE OPERATE THE LARGEST FLEET OF TRUCKS IN THE NORTH
General Hauling - Scheduled Service between Whitehorse and Dawson Creek
(We haul anything—anywhere—anytime)
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"CENTRAL STOPPING PLACE FOR THE BEST HUNTING AND FISHING IN THE CARIBOO"

Alaska Highway Trip

concluded

a triumph of skillfull navigation to see her turn against the tide and head downstream. I am sure we all wished we could have been aboard her.

After dinner we had another drive, in the course of which we visited the U.S. Army Red Cross Hut, corresponding to the Canadian Army Auxiliary Service. This was a fine, log building which used to be the R.C. M.P. stables. In the old days the R. C.M.P. kept a company 110 strong here. The Americans have built a fine hardwood floor in it of imported lumber.

On return from our drive, Mansell took us up to his room at the White horse Inn while he departed in search of a bottle of beer he had promised us. He returned later, unsuccessful. This Yukon is a dry and thirsty place. However we enjoyed a good yarn until it was time for me to leave for the Airport to catch the midnight plane. The others planned to return to Dawson Creek and Pouce Coupe via the Highway the next day the Inspector in the meantime having completed his business. The taxi drove me out to the Airport, and it was with regret that I left this interesting little town behind me.

* * *

EDITORS NOTEs Mr. Woodburn's interesting account of his journey to Whitehorse over the famed Alaska Highway will no doubt set many feet itching. Unfortunately the highway is not yet open to any but "essential" traffic. It is hoped however, that by the time the Pine Pass Highway is finished (it is scheduled for completion sometime in forty-seven) sufficient accommodation will have been established along the Alaska Highway so that the road will be thrown open to tourists travel, after which thousands of motorists will be able to travel, via an "all B.C." route to the land of the sourdough and midnight sun, and return with a diary crammed with interesting and exciting incidents (as did Mr. Woodburn) to treasure for the rest of their days.

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Outlet to Stuart Lake.

Fort St. James Historic Site

concluded

big game animals are to be had in this country. Of course,, one should obtain the services of a guide. One may travel northward to Pinchi Lake by road, where mercury is mined. The road goes beyond Pinchi Lake to Germansen Landing. But I do not know the condition of the road beyond Pinchi Lake. I'd rather not recommend it. Yet I do know that the north country produces excellent hunting where big game is concerned. According to Inspector Van-Dyk, inspector for the B. C. Game Department, Ootsa Lake in the famed Tweedsmuir Park area is an eye-opener for big game hunters from the United States. He is right. But I do believe that country north of Fort St. James, which may be reached from the Fort, is not to be despised as a hunter's paradise.

Fort St. James is situated forty-two miles north of Vanderhoof, B. C., by road, and the road, although dirt and gravel, is in fairly good condition. We had no trouble at all in making our trip from Vanderhoof to the Fort. Vanderhoof lies between Prince Rupert in the coast and Prince George in the interior; it is, however, located nearer to Prince George than to Prince Rupert, on the C.N.R. line. A bus service now runs between Prince George and Fort St. James. Also, between Vanderhoof and the Fort, bus service is in operation. One may travel quite reasonably.

When the time of our departure drew near, we were sorry to leave Fort St. James and beautiful Stuart Lake. As we drove over the bridge, that spans the Stuart river, we took a picture of the river's source and the lake in the distant background. Our trip had proved to be outstanding and it will live long in our memories, calling us back again to the land of northern lakes, rivers and sunsets.

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Veterans want to be Citizens

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the opportunities awaiting only transportation, power development, and people. Provide the first two and the people will rush forward as they have always done. Thus the pressure will lessen on the old industrial centres.

Thus we can hope and expect individual initiative to bloom again and our national economy to gain such momentum that many of the veterans' problems and labour adjustments now troubling us will be swept away in the rush of new enterprise that must inevitably arise. Neither veterans nor other groups should then feel the need for preferential treatment - nor seek it. They'll be too busy. . .

* * *

Self Help in the Peace

continued from page 24

Their early struggles and eventually rise to the largest retail merchandising organization North of Edmonton would take a story of its own to do it justice. By the latter half of the twenties it was proving a success and growing numerically and financially stronger. About this time the farmers were saying "If we can run a retail business successfully under these adverse conditions why can't we run a selling organization along the same lines?" Who put forward the idea does not show in the records but no doubt G. C. Wertenbaker (Goldie)—a co-operator who practiced what he preached and one of the real old timers of the district would be one of the prime instigators. Although now gone to his reward he lived long enough to see both the retail and the selling organizations grow into strong sound business.

The first official record of the selling organization is found in the minutes of a meeting held in the home of A Stutz on July 15th, 1926, just 20 years ago, "for the purpose

Continued on next page

Shorthorn cattle on the farm of Thomas Jamieson in the early days.

Self Help in the PEACE

of organizing a livestock marketing association". Mr. Yertenbaker was chosen charman and Louis P. Codona secretary of this meeting. The minutes do not mention how many were present at this meeting but fourteen different names are mentioned. It was moved by Harry Brown and seconded by A. Stutz "That we form an association for the purpose of marketing livestock" and the name chosen was Pouce Coupe District Co-operative Marketing Association. The first Board of Directors elected were: Thomas Jamieson, A. Stutz, N. Little, L. H. Miller, W. Coons, G. C. Wertenbaker and Wilbur Harper. The directors met immediately after the general meeting closed and elected officers The first president was Thomas Jamieson who was also chosen as Managing director . Incidently Mr. Jamieson has been more or less active in the Association ever since. A. Taylor was elected Secretary-Treasurer. Evidently the job of managing director was no sinecure in those days as the records show that between that date and November 19th 1917, in addition to Mr. Jamieson, A. Taylor and A. Stutz had held the office and all resigned. On the latter date Messrs L. H. Miller & Sons of Rolla were handed the job and they held it until May 9th 1931. By this time the railway had reached Dawson Creek after pausing to rest at Grande Prairie, Fembley and Hythe. Dawson Creek then became the shipping centre for the "Block" and Messrs Miller & Sons resigned. They were succeeded by George Dudley and from then on the volume of business showed a rapid increase. Grain prices were low during the hungry thirties. Settlement had extended over one hundred miles beyond the new railhead. From these far points, specially North of the Peace, the cost of hauling grain was almost as much—more if the grain happened to low—as received at the elevator consequently livestock production took a big boost. Although livestock prices were also low it did not cost as much to haul 100 bushels of grain "on the hoof" as it did straight from the grainary.

At the 1931 Annual Meeting the name was changed to Dawson Creek Co-operative Shipping Association. This Association has no shares but is strictly co-operative. Membership cost one dollar and profits after reserves etc. are taken care of are divided amongst the shipper members. Patronage dividends as high as 10c per 100 lbs have been paid.

At the end of 1926 there were 34 members. In five years (1931) this had increased to 92. By 1945 the membership had jumped to 1889. The Association ships hogs from Dawson Creek to Edmonton and pays all

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WELLS, B.C.

First cattle in the Peace River district of B.C. These were shipped in from Dunvegan by boat to the old Fort St. John in 1910 by Thomas Jamieson. Mr. Jamieson can be seen over the rump of lefthand whiteface.

Self Help in the PEACE

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handling charges for 70c per 100 lbs; cattle charges are 80c per 100 lbs. These charges include insurance, the sum of $8,410 bein in the local insurance fund. Total assets (1945) are $28.020. In addition to owning large shipping sheds and pens the Association owns their own office building onone of the main business street. A part of the building is rented, bringing in a revenue of $750 per year. In the assets the building is valued at $3,800. The gures given below show the wonderful growth of the venture. Unfortunately balance sheets and shipping records for all the early years are not available and one has to read between the lines of the meagre minutes to realize the early struggle. A lot of credit is due to George Dudley and Eglin Wilson (the present manager for the excellent way they have handled the affairs of the association. However the early managers must have laid a firm foundation to have kept things going during those very difficult years. The 1928 balance sheet shows receipts of $100.56 but this apparently does not include sales and no record. of the amount of stock shipped appears in the records. After the appointment of Geo. Dudley as manager, owing to the increase in stock shipments following the arrival of the railway, a system of fuller record keeping was introduced. The earliest of these records on file is fo the year 1933. Below are given some statistics from that date to the present time:

Net Profit	*Cars Shipped*	*Weight Lbs.*	*Total No. of Animal*	*Year*	*Members*	*Assets*	*Gross Sales*
$ 323	36	604,200	2,560	1945	1,889	28,020	625,237
1,832	144	2,920,650	9,113	1933	183	$ 745	$ 31,498
3,055	184	3,457,640	14,208	1937	456	4,298	167,984
6,601	424	7,353,734	29,131	1941	1,161	8,604	288,746
4,561	316	5,718,080	20,056	1944	1,868	21,745	808,542

Betweens the years 1942 and 1945, during the construction of the Alaska Highway, the population of the district increased from 10,000 to possibly 100,000 necessitating the killing local lyof a much larger number of animals to take care of the tremendeous demand.

In addition to helping farmers to obtain the full value of stock shipped the Association has done much to improve the quality by bringing in and distributing, in co-operation with the government, high quality boars, sows bulls and rams. The benefit of this

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Self Help in the Peace

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policy is reflected in the grades of hogs. In 1938 the grades were selects 8 per cent, Bacon 81.6 per cent, Butchers 89.7 per cent. In 1941 (the last year these statistics are given in the reports) A's 29 per cent, B1's 45.3 per cent, C1's 4.5 per cent. The Government Bonus paid on Grade A and B1 hogs for 1944 and 1945 shipment was $72,866. A nice little extra for quality!

Generally speaking, this country is exceptionally well suited for stock raising. Feed, including grasses and legumes, grows splendidly. It is a remarkably healthy country for stock. Dr. Knight has not found a case of tuberculosis or Bang's disease on his annual inspection visits for many years. Hog choluera and other serous diceases of swine are unknown.

The farmers of the Peace River District of British Columbia responded nobly during the war to the government appeals for more production but the policy of pegging prices of farm produce while letting prices of implements and nearly evrything he needs rise and the shortage of experienced help and high wages has got discouraged. He and his wife did not object to working from before daylight till after dark (and contributing 50c per bushel out of every bushel of wheat he sold) if it was helping the war effort but with urban wages going up and hours reduced and the extra cost entailed added to his purchases without any corresponding increase in the price of what he sells, he, with justification, thinks it is time he took it a little easier. The government policy on feed grain is another honest grievance. In fact the Dominion governments agricultural policy is now reaping its reward all through the west. Live stock production has fallen badly especially in the hog raising districts and continuation of the present disrcimination against agriculture will see a further reduction. When will politicians quit telling us that Canada cannot be prosperous unless the farmers are prosperous and then doing their best to ruin them? Give them a square deal and they will be prosperous and so will Canada.

* * *

All Well With Fur Trade?

Season 1944-45 the Registered Trappers of British Columbia cropped some three million one hundred and thirteen thousand dollars worth of Fur. Luxury (as the Secretary of the Narcosli Creek Farmers Institute points out) this Fur might be, nevertheless its taking is just as much an industry as is the harvesting of wheat or marketing of livestock; and three million some odd dollars is no small contribution to the general economy of the Province—especially when such sum is harvested for the most part from barren areas suitable for little else but Wild Life propogation.

I note that in her letter of complaint to the Digest, Mrs. Kate Bayer, also of Narcosli Creek says that were it not for this little bit of extra income derived from the sale of Squirrel pelts they, the settlers would have to "pull Out". To this statement I have but one comment: If in these days of 12 cent cattle, $1.40 per bushel wheat, four cent potatoes and competitive high wages for labor the settlers would have to "pull out" were it not for the Red Squirrel—May the gracious Lord have mercy upon such settlers when the farmers products sinks back to normal prices!

One more comment on these letters to the Digest. Mr. O. Eason of Likely, B.C., complains of a Registered Trapper "stealing" a farmers traps". If the Registered Trapper in question "stole" such traps from said farmers land then it seems to me the farmer had a case for the B.C. Police; but if the farmer had deliberately set such traps as a means of stealing fur from a Registered Trap Line then the trapper in question was quite justified in picking the offending traps up.

Again would I like to reiterate my statement that no attempt has as yet

Continued on next page

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"The Best In The West"

- All White Help -

LYTTON, B. C.

To properly judge a community, you have to go around and look at their back yards.

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Information and Photos of Lillooet District

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PINEWOOD AUTO PARK

on the Cariboo Highway

HOME COOKED MEALS

our cabins equipped with Simmon's "Deep-Sleep" Mattresses midway between Hope and Yale, B.C.

Some men never get back on their feet until they get rid of their automobiles.

HARVEY BAILEY Co.

Established 1886

GENERAL MERCHANTS
ASHCROFT, B.C.

Gateway to the Cariboo

All Well With Fur Trade?

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been made (to my knowledge) by the Registered Trappers Association to interfere with any homesteader harvesting squirrel pelts upon his own property. No.1 traps are but $3.40 a dozen and any farmer who cannot put up the price of two dozen such traps is indeed in bad shape.

The entire motive behind this weighty tide of public opnion asking that the shooting of Squirrel,Beaver and Musk rat be prohibited is a long term policy in thought of better conservation for the sum total of the Wild Life Resources of the Province. This I believe is the basic reason why the many Fish, Forest and Wildlife Protective Associations throughout the province have asked passing of the measure and this I know is the reason why so many members of the present strength of the Registered Trappers Association are asking that the shooting of these animals be halted. Not counting Indians, there are today some three thousand, two hundred and forty Trapping Licences issued, a fair proportion of which are to Private Property Trappers. Some such licences are being issued to individuals who not only do not have a Registered Trapline but actually own no land. Possession of a trapping licence automatically gives to the bearer the privilege of selling Fur and no onus can be placed upon any Fur Buyer for purchasing that fur—whether it be squirrel, Beaver, Muskrat or Marten etc. They, the Buyers, enter the individuals name and licence number upon their books and their fulfillment of the regulations are observed in full. If the B.C. Game Commissioners see fit to issue licences to individuals who barely have enough fur on on their properties to foot the cost of such licence, there is little the Fur buyer can do about it. In any other business pertaining to the Natural Resources of the Province—Grazing, Agriculture, Mineral or Timber, the Gov't. makes some investigation before granting permission for any individual to exploit such resources. And were the Fur bearing Resources administered as they should be, before the B.C. Game Commission issued licences which automatically makes it legal for an individual to sell Raw Fur they should first ascertain what Fur the applicant actually possessed.

Some three thousand two hundred odd trapping licences issued means at present high price of Squirrel probably close to Five Thousand .22 Rifles turned loose in the woods for in a majority of instances two and three members of one family are gunning for the Red Squirrel upon one licence. Add to this the number of Indians who rely almost entirely upon the 22 as a means of taking fur (and very often there are four or five such 22's to the family and you have at least between eight and ten thousand 22 rifles running amok throughout the Wild Life Resources of the Province. The 22 for target practice or the hunmane killing of any large animal yet alive in the trap is a necessary evil; the 22 as a general means of slaughtering Fur and other Game is one of the most destructive weapons yet conceived by man.

I believe that at least seventy per cent of the Registered Trapline Owners are conservationists at heart. Whereas the earliest concepts of the Trappers attitude towads the Fur Trade was to trap here to day until the fur was all gone then move to greener pastures. The Registered Trapper of the present era is governed in his line of reasoning by a genuine desire to increase the fur bearers of his own particular Line. Any trapper thinking only in terms of the Red Squirrel is not going to get very far in the business. One year ago Squirrel pelts were up to One dollar apiece but the London Fur Market was entirely responsible for this very high price. The American demand cannot begin to use Squirrel at such prices. As long as London, England continues to be able use Squirrel at those prices the Trappers are sitting snug where Squirrel are concerned but it terms of such prices for the general would be wishful thinking to figure in future. If the Registered Trapline is to continue to yield a healthy dividend its future prosperity hinges upon

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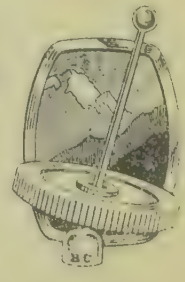

In the heart of **Boston Bar, B. C.** *the Fraser Canyon*

All Well With Fur Trade?

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thinking in terms generally of better Fur conservation. The 22 is a small weapons but some of its evils are exceedingly hard to combat—especially when such weapon is in the hands of one who does not care two whoops for the future of the Trade ten years from now.

In my opinion unless the Registered Trappers of British Columbia think definitely in terms of the future some of them are going to find themselves pushed to one side. One million acres of the Interior have been blocked off for future Agricultural Settlement. Any area of the Province suitable for Agricultural pursuits should be utilized for that purpose but if potential future settlers on those One Million acres are also issued trapping licences (as any such settler is issued with a licence today) what will the sum total effect be towards the Fur Trade? A good many of the barren Beaver Watersheds throughout the Province might better answer that one.

Only once to my knowledge has anyone advanced one concrete reason as to why the shooting of Red Squirrel, Beaver and Muskrat should not be prohibited. Last spring, at the annual Convention of the B.C. Registered Trappers Association in Quesnel, Mr. J. B. Hooker, Registered Trapper of Dome Creek, B.C. informed the Convention that owing to constant fluctuation of water levels he relied entirely upon the rifle as a means of cropping his beaver. Despite this, Mr. Hooker very generously voted in favour of the resolution because, to quote his words "He did not wish to oppose the viewpoints of the majority." There is every reason why the shooting of these Fur bearers should be prohibited. Large numbers of beaver and Muskrat are each year lost to hunting them. Any sensible registered Trapper knows that when shooting Muskrat in the open water, it is impossible to retrieve them all. Even more so does this apply to Beaver when the person doing the shooting is a poacher. It is an issue which seriously effects every Registered Trapper in the Province for this reason: There is no such thing as confining a fur bearing animal (in the wild state) to any one particular piece of country. And especially does this apply to Beaver. Nature cannot countenance a vacuum; wherever there is a pond of water in which muskrat can breed muskrat will migrate to such pond—though they have to travel miles overland to get there. Nature's main use for the Beaver is as a conservationist of water. The Red Sqiurrel is a definite factor in culture of the forests and nature will, if necessary, each spring push such squirrel from one area of timber 100 miles distant to fill a vacuum created by excessive slaughter of such squirrel in other wooded areas. Thus, a Registered Trapper who takes but a

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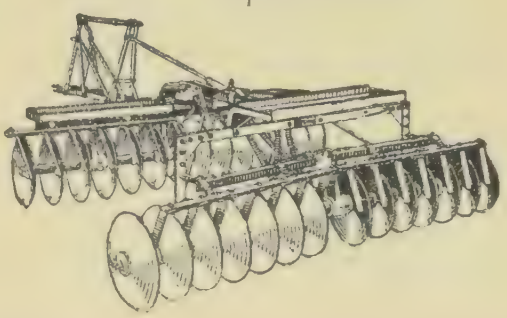

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All well with Fur Trade?

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few squirrels in his own locality pays part of the price for the yearly denuding of timbered areas in another portion of the Province altogether.

Recently, several trappers in the Cariboo and Lillooet districts have complained bitterly that despite their efforts to conserve Beaver they do not seem to get very much further ahead at the game. Rather unfortunately, the Registered Trappers idea of where Beaver should stay put and those of Natures conflict violently with each other. In the beginning, Nature did not fashion the beaver solely for the purpose of making fur garments; the beaver is one of the main cogs in the whole piece of machiney of Wild Life Conservation for where you have water and where you have water you have Life! During the winter months the animals pretty well stay put but in the spring Nature reshuffles the cards and a beaver here to day might be one hundred miles distant in two weeks time. Thus, any Registered Trapper who refrains from trapping his Beaver, who attempts to conserve them is continually pouring stock into that vacuum created by One—the Private Property Trapper—2 - the poacher and three the Registered Trapper who each year kills every Beaver he can get. If all poaching of Beaver could be stopped and were there a free exchange of the animals betwixt traplines in short time every Trapline in the Province would become stocked—where they could become without interfering with the pursuits of Agriculture. And the benefits accruing the entire Fur Industry would be enormous.

The entire Province has, and is to day, paying the price for the wanton destruction of beaver in other years and in my opinion the entire Province will some day feel the full impact caused by the Provincial wide slaughter of the Red Squirrel .For as the Red Squirrel get thinned out of any given area of Squirrel timber, the Flying Squirrel takes its place. Every Regstered Trapper who handles a long line of traps knows full well what the destructive nabits of these Flying Squirrel costs him each season. Thousands of dollars worth of Marten, Mink, Weazel are each year destroyed by these rodents. In many portions of the Cariboo and especially throughout the Chilcotin there are forty Flying Squirrel in the woods to day for every one fourteen years ago. As the Red Squirrel decreases, the Flying Squirrel increases. A goodly number of those who oppose prohibiting the shooting of Red Squirrel never set a trap at all and so know nothing of these matters. And it is reaonsably safe to presume that the majority of them think only in terms of how such measure would effect their own immediate greed; for the future of B.C's. Wild Life resources they do not give a dam. If the present increase in Flying Squirel is Provincial wide and due to the persecution of the Red Squirrel (which I

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believe to be a fact) then the Province will some day be faced with the Herculean task of ridding the woods of those Flying Squirrel. And this could only be accomplished at considerable expense and by at least a five year closed season on Red Squirrel

Just so long as the shooting of beaver is allowed, will any Registered Trapline Owner where poaching is rife have difficulty in increasing his Beaver Colonies, for whereas a certain amount of preparation is necessary for the setting of Beaver traps, it is a simple matter for any Fur thief to hide back in the brush early in the morning or late in the evening until an unfortunate Beaver begins whittling away on its stick, then shoot at such Beaver. The chances of any Game Warden or Registered Trapper catching the person in the act are one hundred to one against.

Seven times out of ten the first beaver shot at is the old Female who stays close to the lodge - - - heavy with young. Fifty percent of any such beaver shot at sink and cannot be re-trieved - - - for the Poacher does not wait until he can get a perfect bead on the animal's head. Practically every organization in the Province has been asking for more adequate Beaver protection, yet this type of destruction is allowed to go on. This spring tagging regulations were put into effect but they didn't do any good . . . trappers all over the Province complain of having Beaver stolen. Were the pelt of the Beaver worth only five dollars, it's total value to the fur trade would still be worth many times that amount, for where you have Beaver you also invariably have Muskrat,Fish and other Aquatic life. And where you have an increase in such type of life you have a decided increase in Mink and other Fur Bearers. Were the pelt of the beaver worth not one single cent to the Trade the value of the animal to the Province as a whole is beyond computation, for a continuous chain of beaver ponds is the finest fire-break yet conceived by Nature, and an entire area stocked by Beaver means a higher water table throughout such area, yielding enormous dividends to Agriculture which relies on water for irrigation. The presence of Beaver in any water shed means more and better fishing in such waters thereby increasing attractions for the ever increasing volume of tourist trade throughout the Province.

The present system of Beaver tagging cannot materially help in the better protection of Beaver as long as Private Property Trappers without one single beaver house or bank beaver upon their land are able to catch beaver passing through such land and get it tagged. Under the present trapping

Concluded on next page

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All well with the Fur Trade?

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regulations the owner of one hundred and sixty acres of land anywhere in the confines of a registered trapline can destroy the efforts of the concientious trapper who leaves his beaver to multiply. Beaver must, of necessity each spring, do considerable moving around and under present con ditions just as fast as such beaver pass through the waters of a piece of Private Property they are trapped by the owners of such property. In some cases such beaver have been obtained from the Bowron Lake Game Reserve and the Provincial Government has been paid ten dollars per beaver by the Registered Trapper, -catching and transportation costs. Then,the Private property trapper who has no stake in the Beaver at all is given the privilege of catching those beaver if they attempt to pass through the waters on his land. Fat lot of sense that is! Under such deplorable circumstances can any Registered Trapper be blamed for cleaning out every beaver himself knowing well that if he doesn't the private property trapper will do it for him? As Neil M. Lindsay, (registered trapper of Shalalth,B.C.) so ably wrote in a recent article in Hardings Magazine (Fur Fish and Game) 'The Registered Trapper is blamed for overtrapping of Beaver when in actuality he is not to blame at all.'

No one should be allowed to sell Beaver pelts - - - tagged or untagged —unless he can satisfactorily prove that he has a sufficient number of 'Live' Beaver Houses to warrant his trapping beaver in the first place. Beaver tagging can do much to increase the number of beaver colonies in the Province, but before any beaver pelts can be tagged the owner of such pelts should first be in possession of a permit — issued by the Game Dept. —giving him authority to trap Beaver, this should apply to Indians as well as Whites.

Give the Beaver sensible protection and a good many registered trapline owners who today have no beaver at all will find that Nature herself will attend to the restocking of barren waters, for when given any chance at all the animals increase rapidly. (In 1942 there had not been a beaver on the writers trapline for 25 years — today there are between 40 and 50 despite the fact that some have wandered away) And when a healthy increase attains full stride, Nature herself kicks those Beaver into other water sheds even though they be sixty or one hundred miles away. I think it safe to say that at least thirty percent of the registered traplines have no beaver at all,and the only reason for this— if feed and water requirements be suitable — is that the Province WILL NOT give greater consideration to more adepuate Beaver protection.

Whilst it might be considered extremely bad taste on my part to make comparisons, I would like to compare methods employed in the United States towards better fur conservation with those employed in British Columbia. In May of this year an indi-

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vidual was convicted of illegally seling Furs. He owned no trapline but had sold 63 Muskrat pelts .... value, around two hundred dollars. He admitted (to the local Game Warden) having tried to shoot Beaver at three different colonies situate upon a reg istered trapline although no evidence was forthcoming as to whether he sold any Beaver pelts. If sell them he did then some other owner of a trapping licence attended to the tagging and selling. About one week after this in dividual had been shooting beaver at one such colony the owner of the trapline discovered a large Female Beaver floating close to the shore. A bullet — apparently a 22 had pen etrated her back and lodged in her belly. On opening her up four 'kits' were found which would have been born around June 1st. The individual in question could not claim poverty as he had been working for good wages all winter. After admittedly stealing some Two hundred dollars worth of Muskrat—attempting to kill Beaver—HE WAS FINED TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS AND FOUR DOLLARS COSTS!

I now quote a news dispatch from Hailey, Idaho, U.S.A.—"*According to the enforcement division of the State Game and Fish Commission, Jess Lupon, Wetchum Idaho, has been tried before Probate Judge McLeod on a charge of illegal possession of furs and fined THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS and SENTENCED TO SIX MONTHS in Blaine County Jail.* In British Columbia $200 worth of Muskrat stolen—Beaver, heavy with young left to rot in the water — a twenty five dollar fine. In Idaho—a three hundred dollar fine and six months in jail—"All well with B.C's. Fur Trade? Supply your own answer.

This time I am quoting from an Eastern Canadian Newspaper—"*In a move to put trapping on a par with Farming and other occupation a division of the Fisheries and Wildlife branch of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests has been set up to study the Trappers problems—*" For three years now the B.C. Registered Trappers Association has been endeavouring to get SOMEONE to take stock of the Trapper's problems here in British Columbia. We journed to Kamloops to put in a lengthy brief before the Royal Forestry Enquiry conducted by Chief Justice Sloan; if the journey undertaken and monies expended accomplished anything I have yet to hear about it. For three years now we have been endeavoring to get heavier punishment meted out for theft of Fur from a Registered Trapline and all we got out of that deal is two hundred dollars worth of Muskrat stolen—Beaver destroyed—and a twenty Five dollar fine. Wait a minute though—we have accomplished something! Yes we succeeded in getting the season on Otter opened in November 1st instead of March 1st—previous opening date—when the pelt of the Otter was so badly singed it was worth damned little to the Fur Trade anyway. Nice going!

The primary reason for this lengthy article is because last spring, at Quesnel, Commissioner Cunningham informed the writer "Your Association is only Four Hundred strong (in 1948 it had forty nine members) and before we (The Commissioners) can prohibit the shooting of Beaver, Muskand Squirrel a poll will have to be taken of every Registered Trapper

Concluded on next page

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LODGE - POST OFFICE
GAS & OIL
We can outfit you with everything
you need for your trip
Excellent meals at all times
ALEXIS CREEK, B. C.

All well with the Fur Trade

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in the Province". No easy task this but we do not balk at trifles! The Registered Trappers Association has compiled a list of some 3,240 owners of trapping licences, this being the total of such licences issued up to March of this year (Indians excluded, who do not have to take out a licence) It is presumed that most Private property Trappers will vote against any resolution prohibiting the shooting of Red Squirrel but they are, nevertheless being polled for their viewpoints. It is hoped that seventy percent of the Trapline Owners will vote in favour of the resolutions for just as long as eight or ten thousand 22 Rifles are blasting away at the Fur assets of the Province will the Registered Trappers ultimately have to foot the bill. Attached to this article is a ballot and I am asking all Trapline Owners to mark the ballot, place it in the envelope and mail it to the President—B.C. Registered Trappers Association, Riske Creek, B.C. All such ballots received will be tallied, an affidavit sworn as to result of balloting, one copy submitted the Attorney General another the B.C. Game Commissioners. All ballots received will be forwarded to the B.C. Game Department and results published in Cariboo and N.B.C. Digest. I am also asking that all Registered Trappers who are not already paid up members of the Association and who wish to become members to send their names and addresses with the sum of One Dollar—annual fee—to either the Secretary, Williams Lake, B.C. or the President, Riske Creek, B.C. The B.C. Registered Trappers Association. But whether members or not the viewpoints of all Trappers would indeed be appreciated. As long as Commissioner Cunningham is able to say "You have not got enough representation" will this Association have difficulty in accomplishing anythng towards a better deal for the Registred Trapper in general.

I would like to tender my sincere thanks to the Publishers of Cariboo and N.B.C. Digest for their co-operation. The cost of printing and mailing some three thousand copies of this article has been no small item and to those interests in the Province to whom (not in vain) I turned for monies which would enable us to accomplish the task I can say but "Thank *you."*

Cariboo Dredging

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(5) Little water is required for these dredges as compared with an hydraulic operation.

(6) A floating washing plant is manoeuvreable and easy to adapt to rough ground and high benches.

(7) Operating cost is low.

(8) Gold recovery is high - 98 per cent or over.

(9) Maintenance cost is reasonable —plant is very simple.

(10) Crew for operating on a twenty-four hour basis consists of:-

Three Shovel Operators, Two Oilers, Three Winchmen, One Welder, One Tanner, One Handyman, Superintendent.

During the 1946 season a dragline dredge of 2,000 cubic yard per day capacity was installed by E. A. Kent and J. V. Rice of Stockton, California. This was established on Swift River—26 miles from Quesnel, off the Barkerville road. Good reports come from this operation which is on a three shift basis.

The Beavermouth Dredging Company Limited (N.P.L.) headed by Edward Nepple of Seattle has built a 4,000 cubic yard dredge at Beavermouth, which is on Quesnel River, 28 miles from Quesnel. This dredge was designed and built by Collins Pacific Ltd. (N.P.L.) and will start operating in September. The foundry strike in Vancouver held up most of the equipment otherwise this dredge would have been operating in June.

Near Likely, B.C., North American Goldfields Limited (N.P.L.) built a 2,000 cu. yd. dredge which started

Concluded on next page

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WELLS, B.C.

CARIBOO DREDGING

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operations on June 8. This plant has operated continuously since then and is now producing better than 2,000 cu. yds. per day from a channel deposit approximately thirty feet deep. North American Goldfields holds several large leases on the Quesnel River including French Flat, 22 miles from Quesnel and other flats 15 miles from Quesnel. The company has ordered equipment for a new 7,000 yard dredge to be installed on one of these flats this winter and to be ready for operation in March 1947.

The Inland Mining Co. Ltd. (N.P.L.) headed by Frank Smith and Dave Anderson of San Fransico has reently shipped a 1000 cu. yd. dredge from California and the equipment is to be installed and put into operation near Quesnel as rapidly as possible and is expected to be running before October 1st.

Several dredge operators from California have spent considerable time this season in the Cariboo area looking for dredge ground among who is Mr. Wendell Ingram who formerly had a sizeable operation at Plymouth, California and Mr. S. K. Atkinson of Boise, Idaho who operated dredges in Idaho and in Oregon prior to the war and has recently arranged to ship a new operation into the Cariboo and is in the field arranging for suitable areas for that purpose.

Collins Pacific Ltd. which is a firm of engineers specializing in the design, construction and operation of dredges acquired the mining rights on Peters Creek in 1944 and did considerable drilling thereon the past season and expects to establish a dredge on Peters Creek for 1947 operation.

There is a very good reason to expect a new era for the Cariboo in regard to placer dredge mining. This system of mining can be used in many places heretofore unworkable. It can reasonably be expected that twenty or thirty of such operations will be established in the Cariboo area within the next few years and which will produce a substantial amount of gold that will be a credit to the area.

Hopeless!

I'd pull up stakes without a fuss
My wheat has froze, my hay has rot,
And now the snow flies o'er the lot!
But every other place is wuss!

W.G.N.

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It takes just as much time to do nothing as to plow a field, build a house, or fill the chuck-holes along the highway.

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QUESNEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA

BARNARDS EXPRESS

Continued from page 17

ahead and we were off upstream, cinders and sparks blowing from the smokestack. I stayed on deck to watch the Indian fireman fire the boiler with four-foot cordwood stacked within easy reach. Opening the door, he poked and pushed the burning wood with a long iron rod to make more room, then dexterously threw in more, straightening them if necessary with the rod, slammed the door shut reached for a wipe of old fishnet, mopped his face and hands, and called to the deckhands to pile more wood handy. Hot work, but fascinating to watch.

That fun over, I moved on, passing between rows of freight piled to the ceiling until I came to a chain stretched across on which hung a sign which read "No admittance to the engine room." Stopping, I watched the engines with their long arms connected to the paddle wheel at the stern, puffing away as they worked, the engineer in a chair between them keeping his eye on them and the steam guage.

After awhile I returned to the bow where the boiler was, and there the sergeant, relieved to find I had not fallen overboard, removed me.

"Come up to the saloon," he ordered. "this is no place for passengers," and I meekly followed. I remember there was one large room with a long table and chairs. On both sides were double-decker bunks with curtains hanging from rods. I told Sergeant Lindsay that I did not like that arrangement as well as on the steamer Royal City, for it had cabins with doors.

At dinner the captain sat at the head of the table, with the ladies next and the men below. A large soup tureen and dishes were set before him, also a silver ladle, and he served the passengers. A roast and vegetables followed, the captain still officiating. Each passenger was asked what he preferred, "welldone, medium or rare,' and he carved accordingly keeping up a gay conversation as he did so. How pleased I was when he fixed his eye

Continued on next page

on me, and with a remark that he had almost forgotten me, proceeded to serve me with a large helping, with the injunction to ask for more if I felt like it. A delightful way of dining, common to all of the boats even on the small steamer "Ada" the captain presided in the same manner.

We called at Langley and other spots where freight was put on and off At one place there was a wood pile, and the steamer's bow was run into the soft mud bank, the engines turning slowly to keep her there, while the Indian crew loaded the wood, standing in line and passing it along a stick at a time until available space was filled. Two bells and we backed into the stream; one bell 'stop'; jingle jingle 'go ahead—full sped—and we were off again.

At dark we tied up—no searchlights in those days and the river becoming swifter and narrower. The next morning a short distance below Hope, a steam pipe burst and scalded one of the crew. Captain Inslay headed for shore and tied up. As the boat could not continue, Indians from a nearby rancherie were hired to take the passengers, mail, and express on to Yale. It took considerable time to get the canoes and transfer the mail, baggage, etc. and at last settle the pas sengers. Sergeant Lindsay being bulky and weighng over two hundred pounds. was made to sit in the bottom of our canoe.

"Kloosh manick mika halo killipi canim" (look out you no upset canoe) the headman admonished him. I, being small sat atop some luggage.

The Indians used poles, keeping in shallow water as much as possible. Where the water was very swift all but the headman would go ashore and with a rope pull the canoes, the remaining steering or keeping the craft offshore with his pole. At times high bluffs made it necessary to cross to the opposite shore, and for this task the Indians used paddles, and how they made the water fly in order not to lose ground against the strong current.

Finally we arrived, all in good order, at Yale, where I went exploring, and had the pleasure of watching a band of horses and mules being unsaddled and hobbled, and talking to the friendly mule skinner, until he finally sent me off, saying the stage would be ready. I hurried back, where Sergeant Lindsay, poor man, was again looking for me.

"Where you been?" he queried "You'll be left behind if you don't stick around. Hop up there with the driver—he can sit between you two,

Continued on next page

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BARNARDS EXPRESS

continued from page 83

can't he Johnnie?" So up I went swelling with pride to be sitting beside the driver, Johnnie Hamilton, who had driven Lord and Lady Dufferin when they had gone up the Cariboo Road the previous year, in the very same stage-coach in which we were now travelling, Dufferin Coach, it is called now, and kept as a relic.

"Everybody aboard? Let 'em loose!" said Johnnie to the two men holding the leaders by their heads.

Crack went the whip like a firecracker; the leaders reared, pawing the air, but Johnnie snapped them with the whip, and down they came to tear away on the gallop. His foot on the brake, Johnnie manipulated the long reins, at the same time keeping the horses on the road by dexterous use of the lash. We must have gone over a mile before the horses steadied down to a fast trot, and Johnnie, as he said, had "got the kinks out of them". x

On up the Fraser, passing Indians spearing salmon, the squaws tending the smoking of them on racks built over fires. I noticed boxes made of split cedar up in the trees, fastened to the lower branches, and Johnnie explained that.

"There are dead Indians in the boxes," he told me. "they do not bury them in the ground for fear the bears and wolves might dig them up."

"See the bridge (Spuzzum Bridge, opened in 1864 we will soon be going over it—you watch and you will see it move as we pass on to the part that is supended by those wire cables that run over the towers on both sides."

Speaking to the other man on the box with us, he told how a kite was used to get the first line across, When after several days they succeeded, they kept increasing the size and length of the line until a wire cable was strung, on which a carriage was run in which people could cross. The large cables from which the bridge was suspended were woven in place a single wire at a time—today it is spoken of by scientists as 'the most remarkable feat in bridge-building of that period.'

I remember Hell's Gate and Jack Ass Mountain. I asked Johnnie why they named it that and he said, "No one but a jackass would build a road over it." It took a freight team a whole day to make the trip up one side and down the other. We met a freight team of oxen, six or eight yoke, on the narrow road. As was the custom the freighter was required to pull out—to the outside—while the stage coach passed inside next the hill. All the passengers got out and walked behind as the stage was carefully hauled by, with men at the bridles of the leaders until it was safely past. This caused more delay, but it was a necessary precaution, as both horses and oxen grew restless when they met.

It was quite a road, the Cariboo Highway of those days! At one place it was blasted through a jutting shoulder of rock that overhung the river; at others it was cribbed up to make it wide enough. Three horses abreast were in the lead instead of three span. Hamilton said it was better on the sharp curves and steep pitches not to have a long string to

Continued on next page

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handle, also that it made for better time—averaging 80 miles a day chang ing horses about every twenty miles.

Hamilton pointed out a path cut on the side of the road that led to where Lord and Lady Dufferin had camped one night in a tent before returning; in appreciation of their experiences they gave him a gold watch "To the prince of stage drivers."

"Shucks, said Johnnie modestly, "you should see my brother Jim—he's good!" But he was surely proud of that watch.

He also showed us the place where Steve Tingley, a Barnard's Express driver lost his wife: while they were driving in a buggy, the horse shied, throwing them out killing Mrs. Tingley.

Owing to the breakdown below Hope, and the slowness of travel by canoe from Hope to Yale, we were behind schedule, and so travelled all the first night and part of others to make up the lost time. But we did stop the night at Lytton for a comforable rest, to go on the next day up the Thompson and over the rolling hills of sagebrush country, until, with much flourish and cracking of his silk-poppered whip, Hamilton galloped his tired horses into Clinton, the end of his section.

At Clinton we changed both driver and horses, and were off again, stopping at the different "Mile Houses, 100—150. At Soda Creek we stopped for the night. There were two bear cubs there, one black and one cinnamon. The black was very friendly, but when I tried to scratch the cinnamon on the head he tore my hand with his sharp claw. Another passenger, a Mr. Brown of the Bank of B.C. being attracted like myself, put out his hand, and before I had time to cry "Look out!" the bear had ripped his glove to shreds.

Next morning we all bundled aboard the stern-wheeler Victoria, which ran during the summer season between Soda Creek and Quesnel. Evading Sergeant Lindsay, I made for the boiler room, where I found the Indian fireman. He could move his ears back and forth like a deer.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"Nanich" (watch). Sure enough, he did it time and again—wonderful!

Arrived in Quesnelle we found the stage waiting, with Johnson, one of best-liked men in the country, as driver. Jim Hamilton, Johnnie's brother was there too. Jim was in charge of all the Barnard's Express stage horses, purchasing most of them in Oregon. I heard him telling Mr. Brown

Continued on next page

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BARNARDS EXPRESS

continued from page 85

about the horses. Saying that two years was the average time a horse lasted, though, occasionally one would stand up for six years. Some, he said, were renegades, always causing trouble others would be the victims of accidents.

"We put the unbroken horses on as wheelers at first—they can do less damage in that position; keep changing and trying them out all the time."

We were all aboard, two Indians holding the leaders by the head, Johnson, with the lines in his hand, talking with Mr. Hamilton, when both leaders reared, knocking down one Indian. The other hung on gamely as the horses broke into a gallop, dragging Johnson, who still hung on to the reins. Hanging on, the Indian managed to steer, or pull, it off the road, and it ran into a fence, where it fell, injuring itself and the Indian, but the stage and the passengers were safe. Sergeant Lindsay immediately took up a collection for the poor fellow, who was badly injured. Following this accident a rule was made that 'Drivers must be in the box before and while the horses are being hitched up—lines to be passed to driver before hitching traces.

After awhile we got started again, without further mishap. I remember the stage stopped at Cottonwood, and a Mrs. Boyd who was so kind to me—said she knew my mother. We crossed a bridge and went up a long hill, where all the passengers except Mrs. Brown got out and walked. We passed a horse team of about eight span tugging up the grade with its heavy load of freight, driven by what was known as a jerk-line. At the top of the hill we climbed aboard again; stopped at Beaver Creek to eat.

It was evening when, on time in spite of delays, Johnson brought the stage into the town of Stanley, where my father met me, and we walked to our house at Van Winkle Eight days from New Westminster; pretty fast time for the seventies.

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A Thesis on the Muskrat

continued from page 19

not after the breeding season otherwise they exterminate one another, and the pelts are badly damaged through the results of fighting.

The Lousiana operators have profited greatly by closely observing the habits of these furbearers and by adjusting their "harvesting" technique so that the least possible harm is done to the growth and expansion of the producing better grades of fur . . . . So successful are their methods that they have built up the greatest rat producing marshes on the continent. The line which I now operate was also built up by, and harvested, by similar methods . . . . and yet it is a method which is not generally accepted in B .C. and over which there is a seemingly never-ending controversy. There is little doubt in my mind that B.C. operators could increase production tremendously in a few short years by merely changing their technique.

The days of what promiscuous trapping is over. Years ago anyone could buy a couple of dozen traps, head for the uninhabited hills and return in the spring with several hundred or thousand dollars worth of pelts. The very fact that this is no longer being done (by virtue of the fact that such methods depleted fur-bearers to such an extent that it is no longer profitable to do so, if it were allowable) is proof that the old hit or miss style of trapping is passed. The modern trapper must shepherd and provide for his fur-bearers as the farmer does his flock . And the harvest must be carried out with equal care.

Although the methods outlined above are tried and proven, I would appreciate hearing from any trapper who can in any way refute the above or who has verfied the above method from his his own observations and experience.

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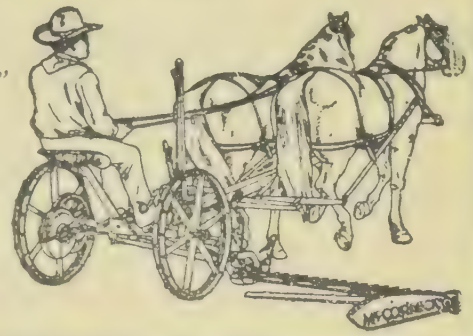

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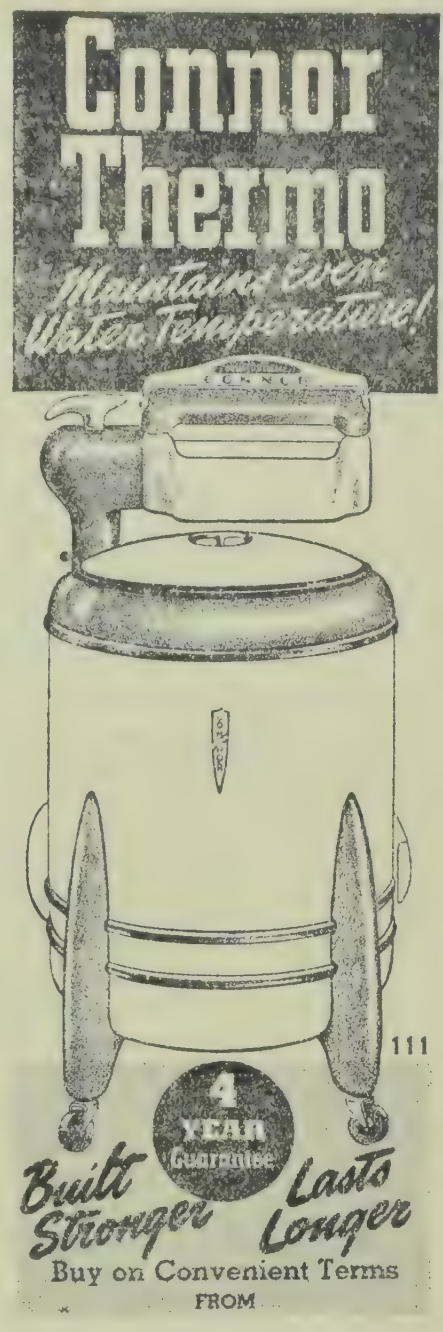

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Burns Lake, B. C.

Barkerville Museum

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Correctly in place on this same table that signifies culinary pursuits stood the photograph of Dear Song, the actual name of the oldest cook in the Cariboo. Here is a man who has seen mining history made and who has helped to make it. He has lived through all the glorious pages that could be written of the country. and no doubt has fed every man whose name appears among them. According to the notation: He is a familiar figgure around the McKinnon Hotel, Barkerville, where he proves himself to still be a pastmaster of the cooking arts.

Cumbersome and purposeful, the large-bellied lock that guarded the first jail lay at rest on the table. Characters that have been on the other side of the door it fastened have been many and famous through their villainy. They were murderers, desperados, salters and sharks of every nationality—greenhorns and old-hands. Yet character sketches of these men continue to read like a Cariboo weather report: Occasionally fair and mild, with pending thunderstorms snow and biting cold, inlaid with a streak or a heart of gold . . . . Yes, they probably had their reasons, but the lock won't ever tell.

In close association to the lock was the lamp that shed light in the courthouse long ago. How often its ruddy glow has fallen over scenes of decision to injustice, is too dim for us to know.

Delicately lending spice to those crude reminders, stood artistic Chinese and English decanters, porclain spoons and wicker-clothed whiskey flasks. No more beautiful than the lamp that lit the courthouse was one which burned for the worshippers in Barkerville's first church.

An important relic, one too cumbersome to be placed on the table, lay heaped on the floor. This was part of the Williams Creek fire brigade hose—a mass of leather and rusted

Continued on next page

rivets, and highly treasured because of the many times it had served the town. Made by M. M. Cookes of San Francisco, it was probably rushed into the country after the conflagration of 1868, which left only one building standing—the courthouse that was protected by an over-head flume, punctured at the time of the fire. Like little brother to the fire hose, a cracked leather fire bucket wobbled near-by

Proudly straddled among this collection was the first lady's side saddle to come to Cariboo. Still in excellent condition were the tooled leather surface the heavy felt paddings, saddle bags, and stirrups sporting much red velvet. The carrier of this modish saddle and owner was indeed fortunate to have been elevated to its particular class. Endless wagons and teams were the lifelines of the country in those days—willing beasts often overworked helping the hungry hundreds to survive.

While the populace marveled at the many unbelievable curios, strange music crept through the air like some sweet liquid. Somehow it caught us in its eddies, drawing us down into the past, till we could almost see the work-weary faces of those who had listened in days long past, and grown young under the spell. Here was a music box, made in Germany on the same principles as the player piano. It seemed to be trying to tell us something, perhaps of the joy it had given some in the shape of homey memories—to others, in dreams of the future. They may have been the ones, too, who later sauntered to the pool hall to shoot for stakes at the first billiard table brought to the Cariboo by mule team. Work wasn't all these men thought about. Recreation was a garnishing, for the billiard table was welcomed with a celebration, the like of which may have been accorded a living king. And, among the relics, we were to know it only as a piece fashioned into a cribbage board.

Like a sage, always watching, always calculating with its one big white eye was the Big Ben of Barkeriville, the clock that hung for years on the walls of the Hudsons Bay store. As it stowed away faces and incidents, good times and bad in the springs of its mind, miners would watch it and know it was eating away time—pecking at it monotonously—just the way their picks did, or their monitors. It stood on the table this day, watching us and thinking. Maybe it exchanged remarks with a smaller clock near-by that came to the country on a miner's pack many year ago.

Treasured old volumes lay there too. With regard to their yellowing paper, frayed edges and elaborate covers worn down to felt packing, they were with-held justly from the eager touch of public hands.

The Saturday morning of the display was a tempest sleet and snow the afternoon a combination of sunshine and showers, and the night a cameo of moonlight in blue. These moody hours alone were close akin to ones symbolized by a few of the relics.

A gold block is a piece of log butt, hewn almost square, and is laid in the bottom of sluice box along with other blocks, to catch and hold the gold. Picked up from some turbulent stream was one that came to the Victory Fair. Tons of water and years of snow and ice had worn it to a perfect globe. Perhaps it had known the anger and fight of the Barkerville flood when a break in the bulkhead of Williams Creek on June 10, 1911, let loose all the spring demons of a heavy winter.....Here, also was a covered iron tobacco pipe that some miner designed for himself in a moment of wit and desperation. What a huge smile must have startled the impressionless hills the first time he lit it, closed down the lid, and said, "To Heck with the water from sky or pentstock, or the wind from the four arms." A mans fortune depends upon the tobacco he smokes, and if it depended, here, upon the kind of pipe, well he had it!

Another pipe a Chinese opium stem, was unique, too. Did the smoker's dreams materialize out of the smoke and essence? Who knows?—Only his printing block and accurate abacus.

Long before the earliest miners found their way up the Fraser River to the promising new gold fields, there lived and roamed a race from which the

Concluded on next page

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Museum of Barkerville

Continued from page 89

country held nothing. They were tribes of the North American Indians. Though they are fast disappearing, they leave behind a mark not easily erased by the elements, their flints. Here was an excellent collection of arrowheads, spear and hatchet heads and corn grinders. Also exhibited were samples of Indian Modern Handicraft—beaded buckskin jakets, moccasins bags and birch bark novelties. These came from the cattle country around the 150 Mile House—a place possessing the sterling qualities the oldtimers admired in a roadhouse.

There were many guns and tools that came via the Royal Engineers. Likewise, crude gold pans, candle lanterns and any number of grim handmade necessities. A stone oddly shaped like a shoelast, as if purposely for the rush of miners, rested from that very occupation. Strange how such a rough thing could mean so much to pairs upon pairs of road-weary, rock-bitten shoes.

Rock-bitten shoes! Of all the confident prospectors perhaps none knew the bite and burn of worn-out shoes better than Elmer E. Armstrong, whose picture looked upon the room in mute approval. A veteran prospector of California and Oregon, with pick, shovel and pan, Armstrong came to Cariboo on 1894 to work for John Hopp as steam engineer in the shaft of the Slough Creek Mine. During this first stay in the country various prospecting trips helped him to decide on a theory that there was, somewhere, a main zone that fed the myiad of ceek channels.

After thirteen years he came back to the Cariboo to devote most of his energies toward proving his theory for the benefit of the country. This time he found the ledges of Proserpine Mt. and proved up the gold zone in the Barkerville area from Jack of Clubs Lake to the Cariboo Hudson. Then the Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Company proved that the values go to depth.

Over a period of time Elmer Armstrong's samples were on display at the Vancouver Exhibition Association and won for him three gold and three silver medals.

An eye, sweeping over the proud display, was merely touching the objects that characterized a colorful past yet bringing them so close they met today and touched tomorrow. Each one was a story in itself, and holding perhaps a thousand!

Craine's

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'Steak & Chop House'

WELLS, B.C.

BRIDGE RIVER MINING

continued from page 9

did more to hurt lode gold mining in B.C. than any other factor. Exagerated reports spread like wildfire. People began to think of the Cache as a solid mountain of gold. Shares soon went from ten cents to $8.00 before even a pound of the ore had been crushed or a mill erected.

Spectacular ore was carried to Vancouver, Victoria, London, and it was certainly amazing ore. One piece can still be seen in the Chamber of Mines Vancouver. Ore came out that was half gold. The ledge is about a thousand feet above the Cayoosh Creek, 12 miles from Lillooet and was many feet wide and it was so rich that a Guard was kept there with a loaded shotgun.

Tens of housands of dollars of these rich specimens were taken away. A mill was erected, but by this time they had run out of the rich ore. But it seems the public didn't know this, as it seems that someone supressed (mining engineer) MacFarlane's report on the property. There is a story of a very rich investor called Oldroid, a London Manufacturer coming out himself and investigating. The story goes on to say that there were only three or four sacks of this rich ore left. There was a main tunnel and a shaft or two to a lower level. Oldroid was shown a sack of ore, another sack, then another, and unknown to him these were passed behind him down to the lower level. He was standing at the top of the shaft, "send up another sack", he would say, and this kept on until he was satified there was an endless supply. Of course he and his friends invested heavily. Col. J.M. McKinnon and Ward DeBeck made fortunes, and the McKinnon Block, now the Williams Block on Granville St. near Hatings was built out of the Golden Cache money which was at that time one of the best buildings in Vancouver. Anyone lucky enough to have Golden Cache Shares was considered fortunate indeed. Many in Lillooet bought at the top price. Prospectors flocked in from all parts and probably a thousand men went from one end of Cayoosh Creek to the other. Every white ledge was staked.

A few names of claims I remember. The White Elephant's huge white ledge six miles above the Cache, was barren. The 'Tug of War' owned by the Gott Bros. Here Frank (Gott) had found a piece of float dark colored and very rich in free gold. The

Continued on next page

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Bridge River Mining

continued from page 90

bluff here is pependicular, and they thought the floats came from the center of the bluffs. They rigged up a windlass at the top of the bluff and one of them went down on a rope, but couldn't reach the spot. Several tunnels were run in on different ledges there but no rich ore was encountered. One claim was the 'Maggie' owned by the Morrison Bros. (Paul and Dr. J. C.)

I remember a few of the prospectors a Jimmy Rowbottom, the Gotts, La-Rochelle, Durban, Elliott, Arthur L. W. Smith, my Father (who grubstaked mnay). Haylmore, and his brother Lovegrove.

The finding of the Golden Cache brought many to Lillooet who remained, never to leave. Most of these men were wanderers, some had been in many gold camps. Few are left living . . . One of the best known is Will Haylmore, Mining Recorder on Bridge River. He and his brother (who had taken the name of Lovegrove) came into the camp with considerable money and built a home in Lillooet. Lovegrove left for other mining fields, but Will remained and today nearing 80 takes his summer holidays out in the Bridge River hills, and it takes a good man to keep up with him even today.

He prospected Cayoosh Creek and had one or two of the best claims near the Bralorne in the early days. He has probably recorded more claims than any mining recorder, as during the several booms on Bridge River thousands of claims were staked and restaked each year. At his back door he has been for years running an open cut along the Creek, and feels that he is heading for a nice pot of gold. This 'cut' is now some hundreds of feet long, ten feet wide six to ten feet deep and all walled up with rocks. He has a tramway its whole length. The amount of work in this one cut would probably equal all the assesment work done on all the other claims on Bridge River outside of the developed mines.

Will is a noted chess player, having solved every problem published in the Province. Now he has taken up oil painting.

Jimmy Rowbottom was the smallest of all the prospectors. The Indians called him Powton, meaning 'Bottom'. Jimmy was a great fellow to tell tales, and was a great entertainer, as he had been in many Mining camps and his sack of tales was unlimited. Those were the good old days of the Bar, when men were men and women were women, and here Jimmy shined with tales. One never saw a woman drinking. Bars were wide open. Liquor was even sold in the stores. Gambling was wide open and one could always find a game to suit any purse. The Hotel keepers purse grew larger while the miners were soon broke. There were the professional gamblers who lived off the miners and the *outside professional* who slipped in and cleaned up the *local professional*. These 'super' gamblers would come

Continued on next page

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Trail of '98

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QUESNEL, B.C.

Bridge River Mining

continued from page *91*

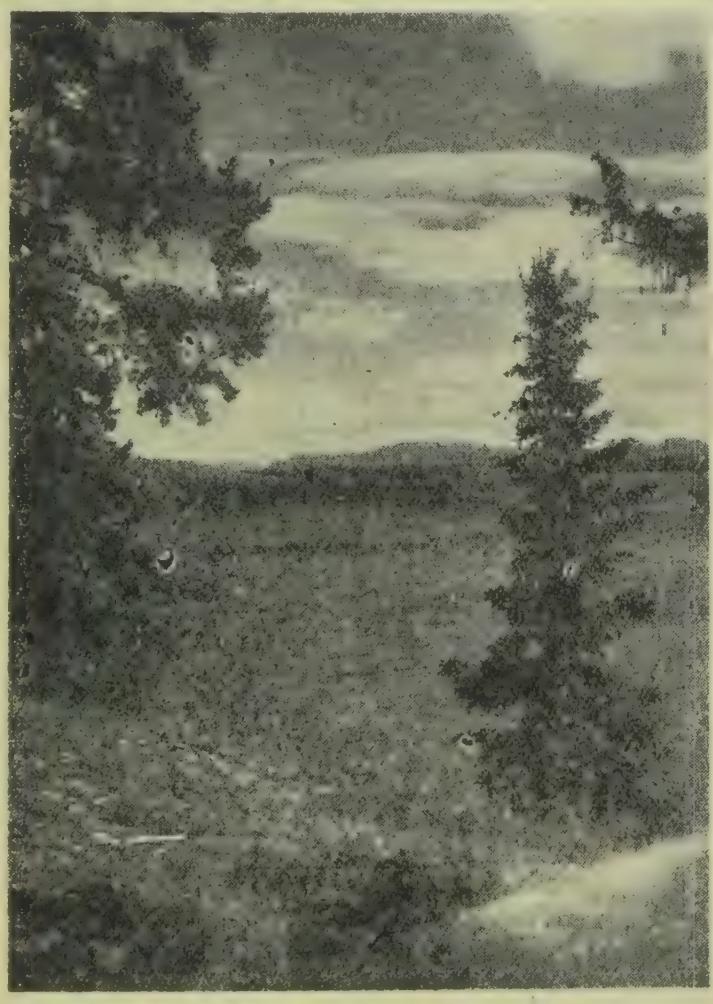
in dressed up as a miner and have their decks of marked cards. $500. or $1,000 would change on the turn of a card. Many miners would toil hard for a year and lose a years wages in a night.

There was no relief those days. The hotel man or the store would give the miner a new start. Often the miners would live at the hotel all winter and go out next summer to work to pay their bills. Stores would grubstake the men or extend them credit for months and the miner generally paid. There were two or three General stores in Lillooet and these supplied the prospectors and the surrounding country from Pavilion to Pemberton, Cayoosh Creek, Bridge River etc. A. W. Smith and Eastman had the principal store, bought out by C. A. Phair and still operating.

Freight first came in over the Douglas trail, then by the Cariboo Highway via Clinton, or packed up from Lytton on horseback. Beans were grown locally and some bacon was produced here, while flour was milled at Lillooet and Pavilion. Considerable wheat was grown. Marshall's Mill was the old stone type, but the Cummings boys later on put in a roller type at Pavilion. The Pavilion Mill was also the stone type to start with. Marshall made two grades, Superfine and extra, but a few people would only use flour from outside mills, as the local flour made a dark bread. The stores carried a good stock of staples, sugar, flour, bacon, beans, Preston and Merrils Baking powder, salt, rice (in 50 lb. matts milled at Victoria) tea, but not much coffee. The coffee came mostly in the bean. Green coffee was preferred and the farmers roasted their own, and it was really good. Each store-keeper made up his own mixture, so much Mocca, Brazil, Java, Santos, etc.

Oatmeal the real old fashioned kind that made the Scotchman so husky, was another mainstay, plus lots of strawberry jam, (Crosse and Blackwells) in a one pound tin painted blue, also Crosse and Blackwells mustard pickles, Lea and Perrins sauce, big bars of castile soap, and a blue soap bar made in Victoria which the Indians liked very much. In drygoods were thousands of yards of prints, muslins, denims, cottons, canvas, spool cotton, linen thread, plus lots of buttons, needles, woolen socks for men *and for women*, overalls, a few heavy worsted pants, mackinaws, men's suits. Hudson's Bay pure wool blankets, tents, wool caps for winter, wool underwear in three weights, also the famous *red flannel* underwear, shawls for the Indian women and handkerchiefs for their heads — They made their own dresses and blouses. Womens stockings were full length and they wore heavy underwear the year round—heavy skirts to the ground, and shawls, so they were pretty well covered.

In hardware there were picks and shovels, gold pans, horseshoes, dozens of kinds of pails which hung to



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Meals 50 cents — Blankets 50 cents per day

POST OFFICE ...GAS and OIL

TCHESINKUT LAKE, B.C.

10 miles south of Burns Lake

Bridge River Mining

continued from page 92

the roof, coffee pots, brooms, stoves, pans, knives and forks, spoons, quicksilver, frying pans, cartridges, mostly 44s, the standard gun of those days, the gun which probably killed more game than any other make of gun, plus powder and bullets and percussion caps for the other guns.

Those days a storekeeper had to be an all-round man. Besides knowing something about every line he had to be Doctor, Dentist, Legal advisor, etc. He always carried a line of patent medicines, such as: 'Painkiller', tooth ach drops, liniments, pills, antiseptic, cough cures, 'Enos' fruit salts, paregoric for the babies, (and they thrived on the rough treatment they got those days) H.H.H. liniment, salts, (no fancy pills those days or vitamin pills). A few Indians used Painkiller when they were short of *whisky*, but more as a pick me up, as they never had any trouble in getting all the liquor they wanted if they had the price—50c for a bottle of Rye. They were not supposed to have it, and although suppliers were fined heavily very few were caught.

This makes me think of Hunter Joe, the noted character, an Indian, who kept everyone out of the Bridge River valley while he owned it as his trapline and Gold diggings . . . . His home was at Shalalth on Seton Lake, he had a small trail up Mission Mountain and over the Mountain to the river about where the road runs today. On the river he had a canoe, and his starting point was where the smooth water ended just about where the B.C. Electric Dam is going in. This was called Jacks Landing for years. There were no trails along the river, but he used his canoe to go up the river. No other Indian dare to encroach on his domain, and it is likely he killed many many Chilcotin (Indians) who got too close. In those days fur did not bring much of a price but his catches suppled his every need. On top of this he had a gold mine or two. One was likely near the Bralorne. He used to always have a pouch full of nuggets and liked to display this wealth of nuggets running from ten to twenty dollars each in value. After buying his supplies he would always have someone buy him a good supply of firewater, and he would have a big celebration.

Many are the stories told about how he kept people out of Bridge River One was when some Chinamen, who hadn't heard of Jack, ventured to the South Fork or Tyaughton. Jack had a cabin there, and when they approached, he got out his six foot gun. He called them to him, and showed them a stump about a hundred yards away. He drew a careful bead and hit the stump in the middle. He turned to the Chinamen, who did not know what was going to happen next, and said "I think now it better you go back". They left, although they had found gold on the creek, they thought Jack's advice good.

Another version is that Hunter Jack brought 16 Chinamen to Lillooet at the point of a gun. This must have been later on, as then there were a few Whitemen working on the Tyaughton Placers. There must have been a few Chinamen too, as they had a store at the mouth of the creek. The whitemen agreed with Jack that Bridge River was his country and that he should drive the Chinamen out, so he made 16 of them come to Lillooet. They had to cross the river in his canoe and he made them pay for this. When he got to Lillooet, Jack was arrested and fined $50. It is reported that the whites paid his fine. Dick Hoey and John Marshall were the J.P's. . . . Jack was accused of the Pool Murder, but cleared himself. He died on the banks of Seton Lake not many years ago.

To come back to mining—While the mining excitement was at its height on Cayoosh Creek in 1898, gold quartz was reported found on Cadwallader, and there was a rush in there to stake Hundreds of claims were staked but allowed to run out without even being prospected. After the Golden Cache was found to be no good most of the prospectors pulled out, so that up to the building of the P.G.E. in 1913 the district was apparently forgotten. $75,000 had been taken out of the old Lorne (Bralorne) with the old mill (see picture), but all the known rich ore was gone. In 1912 the government sent Mining Engineer 'Brewer' to report on Bridge River. His best assay was $13.40 over two feet. Different companies bonded the principle claims from time to time, but no one made a success until Dave Sloan tried a new method on

Continued on next page

Johnston Brothers Garage

Complete Automotive Service

GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCTS -:- IMPERIAL OIL

Goodyear Tires

Quesnel & Wells, British Columbia

Bridge River Mining

Concluded

the Pioneer. He tried sinking and there the gold was and the ledges became richer with depth.

The claims that were held for years were the Coronation group. Mike Gaynors claims, 'Woodchuck', staked by E. J. Taylor, Maud Gibbs and T. Rees, the "Little Joe" and "Ida May Bendor" and 'Pioneer'——all close to gether and now the Bralorne or Pioneer. A few miles down the creek was the 'Forty Thieves Group' owned by J. Marshall, C. Phair and Skinner—this was sold to the Bridge River Conoldated. Phair and Kinder got an interest in the Pioneer. Atwood and a hotel keeper, Billy Allan owned it. Kinder said he would put a mill on it for a half interest. The mill turned out to be *one not much bigger than a big coffee mill.* ....

Later on Kinder acquired the other half and sold out for $10,000. The mine is still working and has produced millions. In about 1919 A. W. A. Phair staked the Minto, and other claims were staked on the same lead across the river. The Wayside, staked by Paxton, promised to be another Bralorne, still has possibilities, also the Congress is doing considerable work and promises to be a paying mine.

There are some great copper showings in the Whitewater district near the head of Bridge River. That is where Herb Taylor took out a lot of free gold on the 'Taylor Windfall'. Claims are still held in Whitewater and some day there will be many paying mines there. Ned Holbrooke, J. Russell and Son, have claims there and have gone in to do some work. Herb Taylor was one of the best prospectors in the district and he made several trikes. He owned the Woodchuck now owned by Bralorne, the Windfall in Whitewater, and claims in Taylor Basin. N. Coughlan, Young Sloan, D. Hurley were early owners in the Lorne (Bralorne). Arthur Noel and his wife Delina worked for years on Cadwallader and stayed with the Lorne when things looked the blackest. There are prospectors who have held claims for thirty of forty years and may still make good. This is a vast country, and much of it is still unexplored.

To the south of Lillooet lies a country 50 miles by 50 miles in area. Gold has been found there in many places, but the main leads have not been found.

Enough has happened in the past in regard to Bridge River mining, a brief outline of which I give here, to fill several volumes, but it is only the begining . . . . .

When the price of gold was raised it meant a great thing to this district, and it will be many years before the whole district is even scratched.

* * *

LAC LA HACHE STORE

(P. W. OGDEN)

GENERAL MERCHANT

45 Miles South of Williams Lake

Rambling with the Editor

Continued from page DR

which they spear or net in the Fraser. The racks were identical to others I had seen in Hazelton some 700 miles north (by road) and were perhaps identical to what the Indians had constructed here 500 hundred years ago, long before the first white man appeared here on the river bank grubbing for gold. Most of them were loaded to capacity with 'fillets' of salmon, looking black, shrivelled and *very* unapetizing, which unsavoury appearance however, did not daunt our daughters determination that she be allowed to 'taste' some . . . She had once (when she was 3 and one half years old) caught a beautiful one pound rainbow trout in one of our northern lakes and hadn't forgotten it . . in fact when she tells of it now the fish was so big that . . . . Well, you know what fishermen are.

I had expected to see things booming in Hope, even before having talked to Mr. Trout, but certainly nothing like what was taking place. The Silver Skagit Logging Company, employing some 400 men, and the construction of the Hope-Princeton Highway had more than trebled the towns population, and had strained the town's housing entertainment and other facilities to the utmost. New buildings were going up everywhere, stores cafes, laundries, a theatre, bus depots, lodges, auto camps, plus houses by the score.

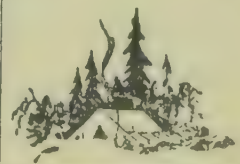
Streets were being black-topped, and the timber on the outskirts being pushed back further to make more room while everyone was running around looking as though the wished they were twins in order to be able to accomplish what they had set out to do.

Dropping into the Commercial hotel for supper, we were surpprised to find "Con" Herget, whom I had last seen in Fort St. John, issuing instructions to some workmen in regard to changes which were apparently going to take place on the premises, from which I derived that he was actively interested in the management of the hotel, and that he and his partners (who own the Condill Hotel at Fort St. James)

Continued on next page

The COTTONWOODS

NOW MODERN



•*Meals* •*Lunches* •*Soda Fountain*

TELKWA, B.C.

"BEAUTY SPOT OF THE NORTH"

must have taken over the Commecial. Con, incidentally, is the chap who was in charge of the drilling when the government unsuccessfully probed for oil at Commotion Creek (Peace River) .

As soon as I could decently do so, I backed Con into a corner of the lobby between a standing lamp, and the corner of a chesterfield so that there was no escape and demanded. "Is there any oil in the Peace River?'

"How should I know?", he countered.

You drilled the government well," I reminded him.

"So what! It was dry," he said looking longingly over at the lobby hoping someone would call him.

I took him by the arm and dragged him down onto the chesterfield. "Look Con", I said, I wont bite you, all I want to know is, do *you* think there is oil in the B.C. section of the Peace River. And are there other people apart from yourself who have reason to suspect that there is oil there, and if so,*why don't we hear more about it and WHY AREN'T THEY DRILLING?"*

He studied me for a moment and then said, "Of course there's oil there! All kinds of favourable geological surveys have been made, and any number of people both in and out of the oil business are positive that oil will be found there some day. "Even the government knows about it . . . . They drilled a well *expecting to find oil,* didn't they."

"So what! That doesn't prove a thing;—The government expects all kinds of foolish things, like putting a toll on the road north of here and expecting to retain the confidence of the motoring public,—or stopping work on the P.G.E. 30 years ago and expecting people in the Cariboo and Northern B.C. to go on voting for them indefinitely." I was warming up now and recalling a few things I had heard while in the 'Peace.' "What I would like to know is why, if everything is so favourable, there is no drilling going on by the established oil companies?"

"As near as I can make out, they won't come into B.C. because of certain government regulations." "All governments have regulations," I said, remembering the corner of my desk which has a sign denoting that it is 'reserved for government 'papers'. "What's so peculiar about the B.C. government's regulations in regard to oil, as compared with the regulations in Alberta, California, Siam, or . . .?"

"They don't *invite* development", he interrupted flatly."

"Oil companies aren't ballet dancers'" I reminded him. "They don't as a rule wait for invitations" Just what are these regulations which are so effectively delaying prospecting for oil in Peace River?"

He looked at me sidewise. "I don't know" Like most regulations, they fill a book. But as near as I can gather," he continued, they call for the government receiving a very substantial royalty from the *first* producing well *regardless of how many millions of dollars are spent in drilling dry wells before the producing well is 'brought in'."*

"Is that unusual?" I asked. "I mean, demanding a royalty from the *first* well." "In Alberta no royalty is asked from the first well in an unproven field, unless regulations have recently been changed, and Alberta certainly has many oil wells."

"Is that all? Is that enough to keep *oil companies out of B.C.?"* I wanted to know. "It's apparenty enough isn't it. There are still no wells in Northern B.C. And as a matter of fact," he continued, "I happen to know of at least one oil company which is ready to go into the 'Peace' and spend up to $ 5,000,000.00 drilling for oil . . .They are *that* positive it is to be found . . They may drill a dozen dry wells but are *sure* that they will 'strike it' eventually, as there are natural gas wells in the district *now* . . . They refuse to go in with regulations as they are . . . . They are willing to pay royalities on the second, third and fourth wells . . . BUT NOT ON THE FIRST."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "Positively Wonderful! . . . . . the way our government is going out of its way to speed northern development"

Continued on page 97

E. G. Woodland & Son

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Official watch inspector for the P G. E Railway

Williams Lake, B. C.

The Great Chief of KATZ

Continued from page 18

soners were brought in they were placed on the island and never heard of again. Not even a bone of their skeletons was ever seen. This island at last came to be looked upon with awe and dread by Indians the whole length of the great river, until at last all depredations against the great chief ceased.

For many years peace reigned and the chief and his tribesmen lived in contentment and without fear, hunting only for necessity and being much loved by all the wildlife of the forests. However, a day came when the 'Great Chief', returning from his communion with his father,the 'Great Spirit', found to his horror that his dearly beloved son, greatly respected by all who knew him, and who was to have been chief after his father, had been ambushed and slain by two strangers from far across the mountains. The murderers had killed the lad for his pouch of charms, and then fled back to the land from whence they came.

The chief viewed the scene with sore heart and made a great oath that he, and he alone, would seek out the slayers of his son and bring them back to receive their just punishment. The chief started out over the mountains and was gone for many moons. So long that his tribesmen began to fear that perhaps he had suffered the same fate at the hands of the strangers from across the mountains as had his son. When one day, after they had long since given him up for lost, he returned with the two murderers bound hand to hand.

Great was the rejoicing of the tribe to have back with them their great chief and leader, and long through the night did they feast and celebrate the grand occasion. Toward dawn when the first streak of grey tinted the eastern skies, giving notice that day was at hand, the captives were transportated to Greenwood Island. But instead of being left to die in the fashion that justice had been meted out to all previous prisoners, the Great Chief Katz tied each one to a tree saying, "Since my son is a descendant of the 'Great Spirit', no hand but that of my father will deliver you your just punishment."

So saying, he cast his eyes to the top of the mountain where he had offered so many sacrifices, raised his arms and called, "Oh, great and powerful spirit who is my father, who has guided us throughout the many years and brought us no evil, I have brought before you the two strangers who slew my son who is your grandson, and I have promised that no hand but yours shall exact vengence."

The Great Chief Katz stood motionless and gazed at the top of the mountain, his arms outstretched. Presently a great dark cloud appeared over the peak and before many moments, the whole land was as black as night. The voice of the Great Spirit filled the heavens with a sound like a thousand mountain slides and in anger sent down a streak of fire which forked like the tongue of a snake before reaching the ground—each tip striking a prisoners tree causing it to burst into red flame.

The people of the tribe looked upon the scene with great fear and amazement, believed that the chief must truly be the son of the Great Spirit. The respect which the tribemen showed their chief after this display new no bounds and his fame travelled for and wide.

One day, feeling that his days were drawing to close, Chief Katz gathered his tribesmen around him telling them that it was his wish that he be buried on Greenwood Island at the foot of the two black snags that had avenged his son. Soon after, he died, and with much pomp and ceremony he was laid to rest at his chosen spot. No more prisoners were placed on the island, but it became the custom for all braves who showed outstanding ability, bravery and wisdom to be buried there. Eventually the island became the Happy Hunting Ground for all the tribe. Spirits were said to roam there at night at the full of the moon. Some even said that upon the particular night which the Great Spirit meted out his vengance a goat miraculously appeared on the top of the mountain—the usual 'fee' given the Spirit for earthy manifestations. Be that as it mayhowever, but queer things have happened on the island down through the centuries and the Indians still regard it as a hallowed spot. The latest manifestation being the mysterious disappearance of the equipment of some prospectors who inadvertently mistook the gravelly beaches of 'Greenwood Island' as just ordinary river gravel and not the sacred resting place of the immortal Chief Katz.

Schoolboy Howlers

A mugwump is a bird that sits on a fence with its mug on one side and its wump on the other.

Thomas Paine was a rare individual obsessed by common sense.

Cromwell was thrown from his horse, suffered a fracture of the feudal system and died of it.

Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels with a Donkey."

A lyric is something written to be sung by a liar.

The line from Cowper, "Children not thine have trod my nursery floor," shows the prevalence of bastardry in that age.

Humour was then introduced into English drama—for example, a wife wringing her husband's neck.

The feminine of bachelor is "lady in waiting."

What is the future of "he drinks"? "He is drunk."

Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg Address while travelling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope.

Cromwell's real failure was in that he thought Englishmen better than they really were. Before he died he found out his mistake.

The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died, many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.

Rambling with the Editor

continued from page 95

Do you think they're *saving* it? I asked him. It was a thought that had often occured to me.

He looked at me blankly. "Saving what?" he wanted to know.

"Why, the resources of the country, of Northern B.C. Maybe they think there will be a shortage some day, a real shortage—a WORLD shortage of many of the resources locked away in B.C's. north country. . . . and they're waiting for that day to come, after which they will unlock the doors and B.C. will be extremely rich."

He looked at me pityingly, and said quietly, 'We're rich NOW, if we'll only reach out and take those riches."

I laughed self-consciously. "Don't mind me, "I said. Just a passing thought, that's all."

I was about to take leave; was at the door where I spied my wife and daughter patiently waiting in the car while their bread-winner had been having 'passing thoughts', when 'Con' called me back.

"There is something else," he said, "which I heard not long ago but haven't had time to check."

I waited.

"It seems as though the government has also *reserved* the right to every other 'quarter' of potential oil land." I looked at him blankly. "What does that mean in plain English?" I asked. "Merely that if a successful well is 'brought in' by a company, the powers-that-be can 'reserve' the four adjoining quarters of land and cash in on the efforts of the people who footed the bill to prove that oil was there."

As I climbed into the car I must have looked kind of pale for my wife immediately asked me what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing," I said as casual as I could. But as usual I wasn't fooling her any.

"If its a secret, let me in on it. I won't tell," she insited, just like a woman.

"The government's turned Communist," I said, "or socialist, or Bolshevik, or maybe even C.C.F."

"Nonsense," she retorted. "It's Coalition. I read all about it in the papers last election" "Maybe it is, but it might just as well be one of the others," I said as we drove on down the lush Fraser Valley. I explained what I had just heard.

"And there you have it," I wound up saying, "A *democratic* government, *champion of free enterprise*, scaring away private enterprise by RESERVING (but not developing) every other quarter of potential oil land; by likewise RESERVING but not developing Peace River coal deposits; by RESERVING the running rights (truck and bus) over the new Pine Pass Highway for the P.G.E. etc. . . . all of which tactics are antidemocratic and not at all conducive to the *free* development of the country by *private* initiative . . . . ."

As we sped along the excellent road towards Chilliwack,paralleling the rail road track, we were overtaken by a train from the east which let out its usual mournful blast—there was a crossing ahead. I could not help wondering how many more years it would be (it is 80 years since we were first promised) before a train such as this would come thundering down these very tracks (via the proposed Ashcoft-Clinton connecting link) from out of the far north country. As we waited for the seemingly never-ending string of box-cars to pass I tried to visualize just what the box cars would be carrying in the course of a year . . There would be cattle of course, hundreds and hundreds of cars of the finest cattle in Canada (grain-finished —with Peace River grains) and lumber—millions of feet of it, hundreds of millions of feet for the entire production of the Prince George district is now going back east whereas it would naturally and logically come to the coast. And of course with the tapping of the 'Peace' there would be millions of bushels of grain, not to mention a special weekly train which would haul nothing but COAL—for Vancouver is now forced to import coal from the U.S. because lower mainland reserves are rapidly petering out. Yes, there would be an oil-train too, someday, (when the government woke up), with mile long strings of tank-cars, and B.C. would be *exporting* rather than *importing* oil. There would be a thousand and one other things too, thousands of hogs (B.C's. biggest hog ranch is in the Cariboo) and sheep, plus hundreds of tons of turnips, potatoes, clover seed, alfalfa seed, vegetable seed, and without a doubt, someday, thousands of tons of pulp would also be coming down from the far north from mills with an endless supply of timber and a daily production the equal of any of the coast mills. There would be no end to the produce coming OUT, while northbound trains would be loaded with machinery of every description and manufactured goods of every description to supply the needs of a north country imbued with new life and vigor, and with a rapidly swelling population . . . . . .

"Well, what are you waiting for?" It was my wife. "The train's gone. Stop sitting there staring out into space as if you were seeing a ghost, and let's get going. Vancouver isn't just around the next bend you know, and its getting late."

Women are like that . . . Practical. Little care they for a man's dreams about transforming the whole of the northern B.C. by pushing twin ribbons of steel far into the north-country. . . . No, not a bit, when the baby's nose has to be wiped and it's nearly time for its bath. *Now take men,* they're different, they're the dreamers, and the builders. They *run* the country . . . . First they dream up a dream—and then they build it. Then another dream—and they build that. Then another dream—and so on. Only some times they dream—and DON'T build—like with P.G.E., and then . . . Shucks, you take 'em . . . .

Vancouver, was . . . well, wet as usual. We hadn't brought an umbrella (we don't own one—in Cariboo they're regarded as museum pieces) and most of the sea-air we had come so far to inhale was condensing into huge drops which kept pelting us in the back of the neck and trickling down our backs. At least it was a new eperience—we had never before

Continued on next page

Rambling with the Editor

Concluded

been in swimming with our clothes on . . . . We did on one occasion manage to park within a short twelve blocks of where we wanted to go—a mere stones throw. My wife stood in a line-up a block long because the women ahead of her said nylons were to be had at the other end, only to find when getting to the counter, after many weary hours, that she was in the marriage licence bureau.

Later it cleared up and we ventured out, feeling somewhat grumpy —much as a bear must feel when it crawls out of a hollow tree after a storm. We found a secluded little sandy beach miles from the heart of 'town' and proceeded to soak up the sun-shine—what there was of it. Somehow I managed to navigate through the traffic lights—I don't think I drove through more than a half-dozen. It's funny how many peope get mad when you do a litte thing like that . . . A policeman stopped us and looked at my (Cariboo) licence and said, sympathetically, "Green, eh?"

"No," I replied, "but I wish the other cars and people wouldn't rush at me from all sides at once. I could handle them coming from two sides maybe, but . . . . . "

'Never mind," he cut in, "Get going."

Our daughter wanted to know why the cars and people and street cars were rushing around so, and I told her it had me guessing too.

Vancouver itself is anything but leisurely . . . We enjoyed fully as much quietness as we would have if we had been riding in a chuck-wagon in the thick of a thundering cattle drive . . . . I had some work to do, but had to drive over to Capilano Canyon to do it. There we found a secluded picnic bench and table upon which I set up the portable, where with one arm waving around my head like a windmill—warding off the mosquitoes, my ears tuned to the roaring of the river, one eye on our daughter and the*very wet water,* the other watching my index finger punched the right keys, I put in a very quiet afternoon and accomplished more than you might think possible. (My wife had decided to go shopping in the down town district that afternoon, in order not to 'bother' me while I was trying to concentrate. I had given her twenty dollars and asked her to pick me up an electric shaver, which chore she left to the last, but somehow she managed to get lost (in Spencers) and wound up with the 'swellest pressure-cooker', "just seventeen-ninety-five," she said, "and so there wasn't enough left for your razor anyhow." Funny how conveniently women can get lost at times.

Ten days is not very long, but it was long enough . . . After getting tangled up with a street car and caving in the left rear fender (I had the 'right-of-way', I'm sure) I was glad to be heading north again—we all were. Meeting a car every two minutes through the Fraser Canyon was nothing after what we'd been through, while the dust of the Cariboo roads . . . . well,—it was ours, with no one to dispute the 'right-of-way'. The further north we travelled the more like God's country it seemed. We had almost forgotten how clear and blue was the air, how lacking in hazy mugginess, and how great the distances and vast the country. Clearly, we had dwelt among the man-made canyons of the city long enough and when we finally poked over the brow of the hill that overlooks the 'three bridges' we were all tired but happy.

* * *

EDITORIAL

continued from page 3

have and are destined yet to produce.. . . . . .

The answer again lies in the P.G.E. For if the road were built, freight trucks would immediately begin hauling direct from the coast to the mines and however poor the roads, render a faster and more efficient service than the P.G.E. has EVER given, causing that worthy railroad to lose its monopoly. An interesting point in this case (I am told) is that the freight rate from Vancouver to Shalalth (which is the jumping off point to the mines on the railway) is considerably higher than the freight rate to Lillooet (on at least one classification) although Lillooet is some 20 miles FURTHER from Vancouver than the aforementioned station. This could never be were the P.G.E. allowed to have *honest* competition (which we have always presumed—and have been told—is what makes Democracy *worth fighting for?*

Bella Coola Outlet

The second glaring example lies in the Williams Lake—Bella Coola district (some *short-sighted* Williams Lake residents are going to resent this). This district is known as the 'Chilcotin', and it is Cariboo's most productive cattle country. Thousands of cattle are driven into Williams Lake each year, from the vast plateau region lying just inside the coast range, and shipped to Vancouver via the P.G.E.

A road now extends for over two hundred miles westward to the coast range and the rim of the Bella Coola valley—and a road has been built up the Bella Coola Valley to within *Eighteen Miles* of the Chilcotin road. (Part of the Bella Coola road was built by the people of that valley in a sincere and determined effort to establish road communication with the interior—See 'A Letter From Overseas', this issue) Under the present transportation set-up, ranchers in the Anahim Lake district 200 miles west of Williams Lake, must pay approximately $1.26 per hundred pound or better than $25.00 per ton on a certain classification of freight shipped in from Vancouver to the 'Lake' via the P.G.E. In addition to this there is a trucking charge of $2.00 per hundred or $40.00 per ton from Wms. Lake to the Anahim Lake district—a total cost of around $65.00 per ton on EVERY ton which they import from the coast. On the other hand freight rates on the same classification from

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Editorial

Vancouver to Bella Coola are but $7.50 per ton, *and if the* 18 *miles* were *completed*, it wouldn't cost more than $20.00 per ton additional to land supplies in Anahim Lake—a total of $27.50 per ton as against $65.00 coming via Williams Lake.

Surely these *producers* are entitled to such a 'break', after pioneering the district for the past 50 years. The big saving to the ranchers would come however not so much from savings on *incoming* supplies but in the tremendous ease (by comparison) with which they could maket their cattle. Today there is but one outlet, and that is the two hundred-odd mile drive to Williams Lake (which runs the fat off the cattle) plus the additional loss of a $7.00 per head shrinkage on each steer shipped to Vancouver via P.G.E. (this figure is not guesswork, but has been worked out by responsible officials as the *average* 'shrinkage' which every steer suffers on being shipped to Vancouver by rail) Contrast this with an approximately hundred mile drive down through the lush Bella Coola valley, there to be sold direct to newly established packing houses in the pink of condition (see—Carboo Digest, Vol. 1) Add to the above, the fact that the completed road would provide B.C. with a THIRD oultet of strategic and military value to the Pacific, and that it would also pep-up the district tremendously and bring in hundreds of new settlers; that freight trucks and passenger coaches would immediately begin plying the 300 mile route between Williams Lake and Bella Coola. *and you have as strong a motive for building* 18 *miles of road as has ever existed in this province* . . . .

Yet it is not being built, nor even being considered, by those 'faithful servants' who pledged themselves to act only in the best interests of the PEOPLE . . . .*WHY?*

Obviously the answer again lies in the P.G.E. and in the not inconsiderable amount of freight (both out-going and incoming) which it would lose were the road completed . . . . .

General neglect of all Cariboo roads

The third, and perhaps most generally, resented policy by which the P.G.E. as assisted in its efforts to hood wink the people into believing that it is, *as it exists today, a sound venture* capable of operating at a profit, is the one of general neglect of all Cariboo roads, and of the main highway in particular . . . . . It is a policy wherein maintenance appropriations are pared to the bone, barely sufficient to keep the roads open throughout the year . . . . . As little as $5.00 per mile is allowed district engineers of the various sections. With this generous sum they are expected to be able to *maintain* a whole mile of road for some eight months (there is an additonal snow-plowing allowance)—Come hell or high water, they are expected to spend no more than $5.00—Is it a wonder that our roads are innotoriously poor condition. It is possible to drive a full hundred, or two hundred, miles down the Cariboo Highway in midsummer at a time when the roads are definitely in need of maintenance and yet not see one piece of maintaining equipment on the road. It is quite probable that the equipment is off on a sideroad, or building a new road into some new settlers domain (the cost of which must somehow be met out of the five dollars per mile allowance) but in all probability the machinery is not on the highway because the pitifully small allowance was used up in keeping the road open during exceptionally heavy spring rains. Cariboo residents and travellers are too prone to reap abuse on the heads of the various district engineers little realizing what a wonderful job they are actually doing with the meagre funds allotted them. Inadequate funds, year after year, coupled with a great deal of junk-heap machinery, plus the fact that the Department of Public Works is run on the political patronage system (wherein many incompetents are given lifelong positions with the department providing their politics are 'right) plus the added fact that the 30 year old policy of protecting the P.G.E. is still 100 per cent effective—all adds up to POOR CARIBOO ROADS.

There is no refuting the fact that development of the Cariboo and northern B.C. warranted and still warrants the construction of a railroad through to the Peace River Block—else the railroad would never have been conceived . . . . . In view of the fact that we did not get the completed railroad, *the least we should have is an excellent highway through to the Peace designed to tap those resources which they failed to tap by not completing the railroad* . . . . .

Development warranted nothing LESS than railroad

Eighty years ago the Cariboo Gold Rush caused the first road to be built. Some sixty years later, it was decided by the (then) government that the north country had a great future; so great that no mere road, or improvement to the existing road would do the country justice . . . . Yet today we have neither a completed and efficient railroad, nor *improved roads*. . What happened to the roseate dreams of north country development? . . . . The resources which cried so loudly for development 30 years ago, are still there, shouting more loudly than ever today.

The reason behind the Toll Gate, the lack of a connecting link with the Bridge River, the lack of a connecting link with Bella Coola, the general sit-down strike in regard to Cariboo roads, is understandable, and can e-even be condoned *to a certain extent*. The railroad once built simply *had to be made* to pay its way however drasic the measures required. No business man, however brilliant could have accomplished this (with rails extending only as far as Quesnel) without resorting to similar tactics.

Can't go on indefinitely

The astounding fact, and it is truly astounding, is that the succession of governments which have been in power during the past 30 years don't seem to realize that this state of affairs *can not go on indefinitely*; that the people of Northern B.C. and Cariboo

Continued on page 102

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MARSH BROTHERS—Gen. Trucking
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HEIN JEWELRY
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Editorial

Concluded

are definitely getting 'fed-up' with the lack of action in regard to northern development. *They* know, and successive governments have known even better than they, that the only *fair* method of putting the P.G.E. on a paying basis would be to complete it to the Peace River. The people are tired of waiting, and that 'tiredness' certainly showed up at the polls during the last election by a strong swing to the left, which tendency must not only be alarming to the present government but also to everyone else whose faith in the old parties is still unshaken.

In view of the above it is hard to understand why the railroad is not completed at once when by so doing the old-line parties would once again have the north-country solidly behind them and at the same time give the north its long-awaited and much needed development, to the benefit of the *whole* of B.C.

What is stopping P. G.E.?

If the layman can see the way the wind is blowing, then it must be a hurricane to the government, from which we draw the *logical* conclusion that the government *wants* to, and and has *always* wanted to complete the P.G.E. . . *but has been prevented from doing so by forces more powerful than the will of the people of British Columbia.*

Preposterous? . . . Not a bit! Governments do not blindly carry on a policy which undermines their power and prestige unless they are compelled to do so. . . . . Take a map of Canada — place a pencil point on Quesnel, B.C., and you will find that TWO THIRDS of B.C. is *north* of Quesnel. *INDUSTRIALLY and ECONOMICALLY,* British Columbia, (except for coast trade) *ends* at that point. Non-completion of the P.G.E. literally handed Northern B.C. over to the provinces which lie across the Rockies and to *Eastern Canada.*

Thirty years ago P.G.E. rails were northbound, and the whole of B.C. was enthused over the prospect of tapping the rich mineral deposits, the fertile grain lands, the tremendous wealth in timber and other resources that lay to the north . . . But the C.N.R. beat us to it. A railroad had pushed through to Prince Rupert, and the products of Northern B.C.were already beginning to flow EAST. P.G.E. rails were *never allowed to* reach Prince George (at that time but a wide spot on the C.N.R.) although there were only eight miles of rail to lay and one bridge to build to complete it to that point . . . . Today approximately 200 million feet of timber plus thousands of tons of other products are shipped east each year from this section of B.C. . . . Were the P.G.E. *allowed* to connect with the now thriving city of Prince George (with its population of 5000) the picture would certainly be a different one . . . one which I leave to your imagination. A similar situation exists in the Peace River Block, with everything *going east* and all their requirements being shipped in *from the east.*

Completion of the P.G.E. would change this entirely, and instead of Southern B.C. being able to do business and compete with the East only in its tiny little domain bounded on the north by Quesnel, on the East by the Rockies, to the south by the U.S. border, lower coast manufacturers, industries and business men would find that the whole of northwestern Canada was open for them to do business with. The Alaska Highway has made it possible for Vancouver to do business with Yellowknife, Fort Norman, Eldorado, Aklavik, and the Yukon (see Cariboo and N.B.C. Digest Vol 2 - No. 1) *if the P.G.E. were completed* . . Obviously, every dollar in NEW BUSINESS that Vancouver and the lower coast is going to do with the vast domain which stretches from Quesnel to the Arctic Ocean after the P.G.E. is completed is going to be a dollar less in Eastern trade channels. Thirty years ago, the volume of business was enough to warrant a railroad—today that volume is much greater—30 years from today it can be *ten times* as much for it is Canada's Last Great Frontier, tremendously rich in resources as yet untapped . . . . .

If B.C. is to reap the benefit of these resources; and if Vancouver is to grow to its ultimate possibility as Canada's Western Seaport, B.C. *must* wake up and throw off the yoke of Eastern influence in regard to the P.G.E., so that it can do business with the GREAT NORTHWEST.

Our government has accomplished many wonderful things in the past thirty years, and it could, if it would only throw off the yoke, bring about the completion of the P.G.E. . . . In the meantime, roads are poor, freight rates high, and the people impatient, and it is only a question of time before industrial B.C. (Vancouver) realizes what it is missing, after which the old parties *may not be given an opportunity* to bow to the yoke of Eastern oppression. *Now is the time for them to act.*

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